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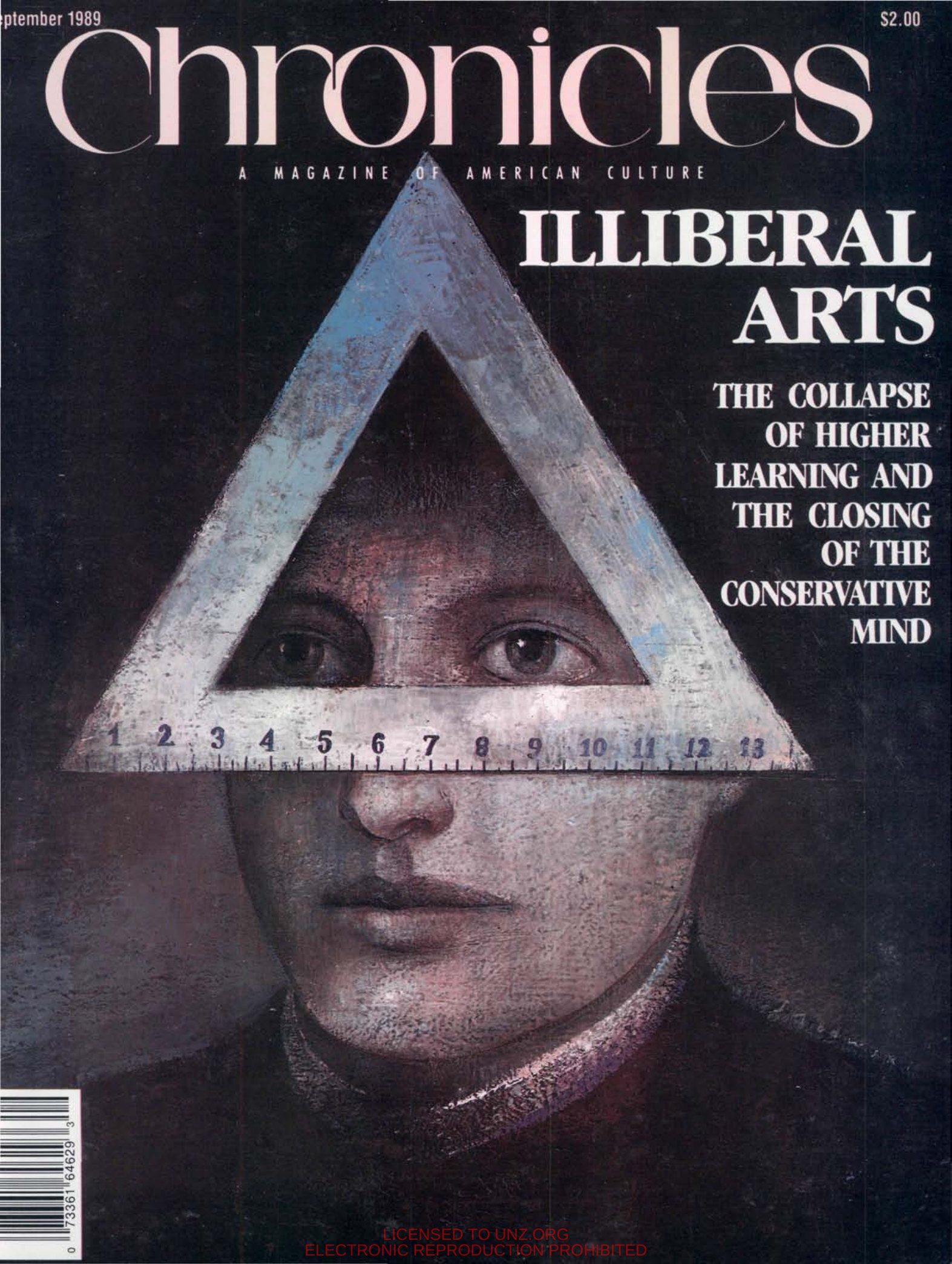

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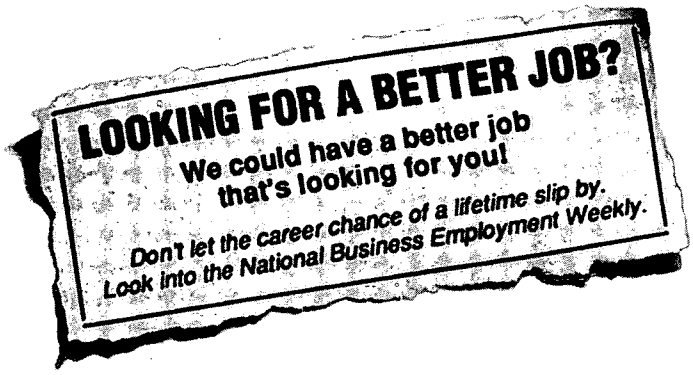
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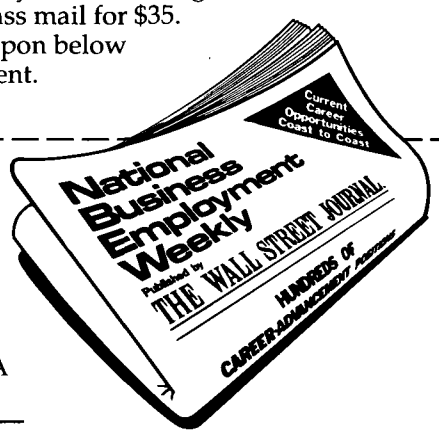

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On 'Globalization'

Regarding my thesis that the 1929 stock market crash was caused by the imminence of passage of the protectionist Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act of 1930, William Hawkins (Polemics & Exchanges, June 1989) dismisses my findings as the work of a mere "journalist, not an economist."

It was precisely my expertise as a political journalist, not an economist, that led me to the facts linking Smoot-Hawley action on the Senate floor in the last week of October 1929 and the Wall Street crash of that same week. Had I studied economics in the United States in the 1950's, I would have been forced to learn demand theory, which has been satisfied with the feeble demand-theory explanations of the crash. (J.K. Galbraith is hailed by demand-siders for his circuitous explanation that the market crashed because speculators had bid it up too high; Murray Rothbard and Hawkins prefer the monetarist argument that the "inflation of the 1920's" brought on the Depression, when in fact there is no record of an inflation in the 1920's, the general price level being steady as a rock.)

As associate editor of *The Wall Street Journal* in the mid-1970's, I had been impressed with the modern-day supply-siders—Robert Mundell, the Canadian, and his protégé, Arthur Laffer—who had been able to forecast and explain the stagflation of the 1970's far better than the Keynesians and monetarists of the demand school. In preparing my book, *The Way the World Works*, I knew I had to find a supply shock to explain the Crash of 1929. Classical theory's supply-side analytical framework had been discredited in the 1930's precisely because classicists at the time could not explain the market crash. (Lord Keynes begins his 1936 *General Theory* with a denunciation of Say's Law, the classical underpinning of supply-side theory, for this very reason.)

I was frustrated in this endeavor until I learned, in a monograph by Gottfried Haberler, that the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act had been enacted in 1930, not 1931 as I had recollected. As a journalist, I knew that the same Congress sitting in 1930 was sitting in 1929, and that it could have made the key decisions in the earlier year. I immediately went to *The New York Times* microfilms of 1929 and found exactly that: the US Senate, which had been widely thought to oppose the tariff legislation as the week opened, steadily turned to support of the bill, which had already passed the House in March. The chronology fit my hypothesis precisely, hour by hour. It has not been challenged in 11 years, except by hyperbole. Martin Anderson of The Hoover Institution advised me that the economics profession would not recognize my discovery for decades, that, as he put it, "American economists are still trying to explain how Adam Smith could have written *The Wealth of Nations* without possessing an economics degree."

Journalists are required by professional standards to supply evidence to support assertions. Economists all too often propound grandiose theories of the way the world works without making any attempt to fit their models with reality. After a spirited discussion of the Jamaican economy at an IMF conference in Kingston in 1976, the late Arthur Burns asked me where I had studied economics. When I replied that I had never taken a college course in economics, Dr. Burns put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My boy, that is your advantage." I believe it was and remains so.

—Jude Wanniski, President
Polyconomics, Inc.
Morristown, NJ

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On 'Those Who Can't Do . . .'

I must commend Jacob Neusner for his review of *Profscam: Professors and the Demise of Higher Education* (June 1989). I should like to note two important scams that Sykes does not address.

Sykes would have us believe that professors are, generally, extremely well paid and cites *average* salaries from prestigious institutions as evidence. But the fact is that only those faculties whose disciplines are allied with science and especially industry receive those high salaries, now pushing sometimes into six digits. The faculties of liberal arts and humanities do not generally receive anything near the emoluments commanded by their other colleagues, often receiving as little as one-fourth the salary of an engineer or a professor of business. Administrators claim that they are "compelled" by alleged "market forces" to discriminate in this manner.

Grade inflation continues to pollute the humanities, particularly in state institutions. It is driven from above by deans and chairmen who are more concerned with passing large numbers of students than with real learning, for the monies the universities receive from their legislatures are based on "formulas" of x dollars per head. This is especially true in the so-called "service" departments (usually English and foreign languages), where professors found failing large numbers of students will be denied raises and promotions no matter what their publication record may be, since large numbers of high grades are viewed as signs of "excellence" and "teaching effectiveness."

—*Edward A. Cowan*
Arlington, TX

On 'Letter From Washington'

In his June 1989 column ("Our Nation, Your Money"), Samuel Francis claims that Carl Hagen's Progress Party in Norway is one of the right-wing European parties that are nationalist and socialist. In fact, the Progress Party grew out of the Norwegian tax revolt; its platform combines immigrant-bashing with a healthy distaste for government, thus making the organization an *anti*-socialist nationalist party. (Other examples of anti-socialist nationalists: the Progress Party in Denmark and the Freedom Party in Austria.)

—*Martin Morse Wooster*
Silver Spring, MD

On 'Letter From the Southwest'

Really now, is not Odie Faulk's "Doctoring Honor" (June 1989) a bit finicky? As a clergyman I have always enjoyed checking the year's roster of those receiving honorary doctorates of divinity. Usually it says all too much about the current ideology of our seminaries.

Mr. Faulk missed the ideological sideline in the business of granting honorary doctorates. In the Episcopal Church it is de rigueur to grant every new bishop a D.D. Just this past year, however, we witnessed the previously unheard of spectacle of a seminary publicly withdrawing its proffer of a D.D. to a bishop. Apparently the feminist contingent was outraged at the bishop's refusal to support the ordination of women. Oh well, there are compensations: bishopess Barbara Harris, who hasn't even an undergraduate degree to her name, to say nothing of a seminary degree, will undoubtedly soon acquire a doctorate, if she hasn't already acquired one. Should, God forbid, I ever meet her, it will give me something to call her, since I certainly can't call her a "bishop." *O tempora, O mores.*

When I went to seminary, all we got was a mere Bachelor of Divinity, but the powers that be decided that it would be more dignified and presumably more honorable to grant a master's: so years later *ex post facto* we all got upgraded. Ain't academia wonderful?

—*Father Winston Frithiof Jensen*
Superior, WI

On 'The Cost of Revolution'

George Watson, in his article "The Cost of Revolution: England and 1789" (June 1989), goes to extensive lengths to distinguish between "revolutions." Given the "preservative" nature of the pre-1789 experience, one wonders whether the term "rebellion" may be more apposite. Discarding the common dictionary distinction, which hinges on the issue of success and does not allow for a "trespasser" theory of interpretation, the latter concept provides a distinction with perhaps more of a difference. Not only does it accommodate Watson's insight that opposition to the French Revolution is not opposition to change but merely its method, it also captures the uniqueness of the English and American experiences (as well as the Dutch). The fruits of these "rebellions" were borne from an appreciation for and incorporation of the past, not a repudiation of it.

—*Gordon D. Payne*
Madison, WI

On 'Burden of Liberalism'

You can't imagine how refreshing it is to find a conservative publication that not only mentions immigration, but actually knows that there is massive illegal immigration, as your July issue (Cultural Revolutions, "The March Chronicles") indicates.

Probably one of the problems is that conservatives like the competition in the marketplace for jobs, which is fine as far as it goes. When the employer exploits the illegals, by paying far less than minimum wage, paying them so little in the fields that they live outdoors with no running water, no toilet facilities, no cooking facilities; when employers can even decide not to pay for work already done—that's not the free market at play. That's a new form of slavery.

There are sections of California that look like the worst slums in Mexico, and most of the illegals are horribly treated. On the other hand, a good 25% of the cars stolen in this area are stolen by illegals, sometimes to drive further north, often to re-sell on either side of the border. Other thefts add up to about the same percentage of our crime rates. We're seeing too many of the uninformed urging that we let everyone in who wants to come. Romantics all—who will let somebody else cope with the problems.

—*Barbara McCarthy*
San Diego, CA

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE Senator William Owens, who represents an inner-city Boston district, has filed legislation to require the Commonwealth to pay reparations for slavery.

Senate Bill 1621 mandates payment to "people of African descent born in the United States . . . for malfeasance and culpable nonfeasance of the Commonwealth, its agents, employees and citizens with regard to the institution of African slavery, the African slave trade and invidious discrimination against descendants of Africans. . . ." The amount of said compensation is to be negotiated with "legitimate representation of African descendants," which is to say ghetto hustlers of the Jesse Jackson/Steve Cokely/Al Sharpton stripe.

The proposal has its prominent supporters, including Professor David Hall, chairman of the Massachusetts Chapter of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, who decries opposition to the bill as "strong evidence of how deeply racism still flows within the veins of this society."

Over one thousand delegates to the African-American Summit, convened in New Orleans in late April, endorsed the reparations concept, and included it in their preliminary agenda.

That such a lunatic measure could be adopted even in progressive Massachusetts is beyond the realm of imagining. Yet the proposal merits consideration, if only for the light it sheds on the essential character of the racial numbers game.

Owens argues that the state benefited from the institution of slavery because the wealth of Yankee merchants was tied to the triangle trade—and since white residents of the Commonwealth somehow shared in these advantages, fairness necessitates recompense to the descendants of slaves. He cites reparations paid to Japanese Americans placed in internment camps during the Second World War and the West German government's indemnities to Holocaust survivors as precedents for the program.

However it's rationalized, the measure is based on a presumption of collective guilt. The overwhelming majority of Massachusetts taxpayers are Caucasian. None were alive during the period of the slave trade. Many didn't even have ancestors living in the state or nation at the time. They are to be punished solely for the sin of having the same skin pigmentation as plantation owners, slavers, or those who discriminated against blacks in the pre-civil rights era. In the course of a televised debate on Boston's Channel 25, the senator informed me that, among other infamies, my progenitors had "raped our women." I replied that this was a physical impossibility since, during the era in question, my relations were in Eastern Europe being chased by Cossacks.

The precedents the senator cites are in fact inapplicable. In both instances, payment was made to individual victims or their immediate families, not to persons several generations removed from the offenses. Even so, the equity of the measures is debatable; not the guilty parties but those who shared their nationality were penalized. In the case of Japanese Americans, justice would require sequestering the estates of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Earl Warren—those pillars of American liberalism who, as President and governor of California respectively, were responsible for the internment of the Japanese—instead of placing the burden on US taxpayers.

Attempting to rectify historic wrongs is a process that easily could continue until the millennium. Why stop with the descendants of the slaves? What of compensation for the victims of anti-Semitism, or their heirs? Octogenarian Bostonians can recall seeing employment notices in the windows of businesses proclaiming: "Irish Need Not Apply." The grandchildren of Boston's African traders were hardly hospitable to the Irish, Italians, Jews, and Slavs who arrived here via steerage at the turn of the century.

More germane to the case at hand, why not seek restitution from the posterity of the African chiefs who sold their own people into bondage? Unlike the public treasury, they are not readily available for plunder. But sums could be deducted from foreign aid to Zaire or the Ivory Coast.

World history is a sad saga of national wrongs, of conquests, subjugations, pillage, exploitation, and mass murder—of Chinese slaughtered by Mongols, Armenians massacred by Turks, Poles martyred by Russians, Britons harried by Norsemen, and Jews brutalized by just about everyone. (I anxiously await my payoff for the Babylonian captivity.) One could not even begin to calculate the extent of damages, let alone devise a system of compensation for these myriad atrocities. To complicate matters even further, in some instances the oppressed of one era were oppressors of another.

Owens' bill may be loony, but its ethos was long ago actualized. For what is affirmative action—quotas in education, hiring, and promotions—if not a species of reparations? Whites (usually middle or lower middle class) are to be economically disadvantaged because they share the racial identity of the massah and the redneck bigot of a generation ago. Blacks, often from relatively comfortable backgrounds, are rewarded on the same nonsensical basis. Sociologist Thomas Sowell contends the whites penalized are least able to bear the burden, the blacks who benefit need it the least. Instead of this selective system of rewards and punishments, Owens' bill would diffuse both the pain and the pleasure. For advocates of the irrational (racial guilt), it is the next logical step.

—Don Feder

AMERICANS COMPLAIN endlessly about income taxes. And yet we hardly ever reflect on the heart of the matter: that even if every tax dollar were wisely spent, the very principle of the income tax is unfair.

The purpose of taxes is to pay for government. In exchange for taxes we get highways, soldiers, and diplomats. However, tax payments are unlike any other kind of payment. We can choose whether to buy an apple or an automobile, but as Americans we are forced to buy highways in Hawaii and soldiers in Germany whether we want them or not. Taxes are the obligatory cost of

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citizenship, and while even at our present high rates most people would consider citizenship cheap at the price, there remains the nagging question that since the government forces us to buy its products, shouldn't it price them fairly?

The very products we have no choice but to buy are the ones that are priced the most unfairly. The problem is this: what the consumer pays has nothing to do with how much he consumes, but with how much money he happens to make. A man with a high salary pays more for the same soldiers and diplomats than a man with a low salary. It's hard to see how people who make a lot of money get more out of the US State Department, for example, than people who make a little, but they pay more for it. And if a man makes more money this year than he did last year, the price of the State Department goes up; graduated taxes make us hand over a larger proportion of our income as incomes rise. Once more, the rationale is the baldly exploitative theory of "ability to pay," rather than any principle of fairness. Nor does the price of the State Department have an upper limit. Its price never stops going up unless a man stops making more money.

Is this fair? In every other transaction, citizens are treated equally under the law and under the accepted practices of commerce. The rich pay no more for the same tube of toothpaste than the poor. Anyone can choose to buy toothpaste or not, and its price is the same no matter who buys it. If income or "ability to pay" is the wrong criterion for setting the price of toothpaste, why is it right for the State Department?

In fact, as more and more tax money is spent on social programs, those who pay no taxes at all—the legitimately needy and the morally lax—receive far more government services than the people who pay the most taxes. Thus we have the doubly ridiculous spectacle of government not only selling the same goods at different prices, but giving away the most to the citizens who pay the least.

"Ability to pay" is as idiotic a pricing theory for government services as it would be for anything else. Since productive citizens all benefit more or less equally from government, they should pay for it equally. The fairest tax is a fixed amount per person—a capitation or head tax. It's not hard to figure out how much that tax should be. According to the IRS, the average 1986 individual income tax return netted the government $4,280. This does *not* include Social Security, because that tax doesn't pay for common public goods and services. However, this figure is close to the theoretical federal head tax, or the amount that each citizen should pay for his share of government.

With a head tax, if there were variable pricing, it would be based on *in*ability to pay. A citizen with an income of less than $4,280 clearly couldn't pay his share, nor could one with an income of not much more than that. For incomes below a certain level, there could still be a sliding tax scale based on inability to pay. The actual head tax would therefore have to be somewhat higher than the average tax, in order to make up for people who couldn't pay in full. However, anyone who could pay in full would have delightfully simple relations with the IRS. He wouldn't have to disclose any information about his wealth or income, and a personal check would be his only tax form.

A head tax has two great advantages over an income tax. It's fair: most citizens would pay the same price for the same government services. And it's simple: the nation would save billions of dollars wasted on figuring out taxes that are unfair to begin with.

Hardly anyone recalls that Karl Marx was one of the first and most vigorous advocates of graduated income taxes. It is only because income taxes have been part of our lives for so long that we have gotten used to them. The pain of even the most arrant injustice is dulled by habit.

—*Jared Taylor*

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT *for the Arts has drawn fire recently for funding two by-now infamous projects. One was a grant to Andres Serrano in North Carolina, who proceeded to produce something entitled* Piss Christ, *a photograph of a crucifix submerged in a jar of Serrano's urine. The other was a photo exhibit by Robert Mapplethorpe, who died of AIDS in March, featuring displays of homoerotica, nude children, and a sadomasochistic self-portrait best left undescribed in these pages. The latter was scheduled to open at Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art, but it was canceled for fear of spurring a movement in Congress to cut federal funds for the arts. These incidents place at center stage the politics of culture. Two questions arise, and Jacob Neusner, a member of The National Council on the Arts, discusses them below.*

First, once a gallery has made a commitment to the artist, can it renege because of pressure? No. The decision of the Corcoran's board was pusillanimous, and its public explanation utterly disingenuous. Second, was the Arts Endowment support for the project well-conceived? No. As a matter of fact, The National Council on the Arts never discussed either the North Carolina exhibit, which was a regrant, or the Mapplethorpe one, which the staff slipped by us by concealing its controversial aspect. So we never got to debate the issues. I would have voted against both projects, whatever their artistic merits. For wisdom suggests that there are far more important projects in the arts, in support of which a solid consensus can be formed. Art that is deeply offensive erodes that consensus. If, after all, public funds cannot support any religion, then how can we justify spending tax dollars to blaspheme Christianity?

The National Endowments for the Arts and for the Humanities are advised by Councils that are supposed to balance the necessary work of the staff, on the one side, and the panelists and reviewers, on the other. As a former member of The National Council on the Humanities and a current member of The National Council on the Arts, I can testify that right now the Councils are not used in the way in which Congress intended them to serve. Most of the Art Council's time is spent admiring artists' and staff exercises in show-and-tell. Interminable presentations of this, that, and the other artist take the place of serious discussion of public policy, which when it happens at all takes place in back rooms.

When we met in May 1989, with the *Piss Christ* controversy already growing, not one minute of Council time was spent on the matter. The first

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hour of the first day was devoted to vacuous speeches celebrating the 100th meeting of . . . The National Council on the Arts itself! The blaspheming of Christianity in an Endowment-supported project merited not a single word. Clearly the current controversy alerts us to problems in the system, for the Arts Council should have discussed the issues and advised the chairman in an informed way.

The season of reauthorization of the Endowments has come again, as it does every five years. In the revised legislation for the Endowment for the Arts there should be these provisions:

1. The Council must hold all discussions of public policy in public — no more closed meetings;
2. The Council's recommendation to the chairman, if adopted by a two-thirds vote, may not be rejected by the chairman;
3. The Council must supervise the panel process and undertake ongoing scrutiny of the panels, instead of serving mostly as a rubber stamp to whatever the staff tells the Council that the panels recommend;
4. Council members who never come to meetings must be replaced by people who want to do the work; and,
5. The Endowment may not support projects that defame any national, ethnic, racial, or religious group.

These suggestions are meant to strengthen the Council as a public body formed to nurture consensus, and to secure a long future for the National Endowment for the Arts as the one federal agency created to serve the public interest in the arts.

I REMEMBER sitting in an airport bar with a few bemused travelers listening to the ads on TV. "America's ignored crisis," Tom Brokaw blared at us. "Children in poverty. Most people below the poverty line are children." First one of us and then the rest broke into guffaws. "What this country needs is a national allowance policy," one voice suggested.

The ersatz crisis plays the role in the institutional life of official America that drugs play in its private life. It needs them for the highs and spurts of energy that keep it going. The official Journal of Approved Crises, *alias The New York Times*, has discovered two crises in education and blazoned them on its front page. On June 6, 1989, we were told that people take longer to finish doctorates in the humanities than in the physical sciences (the averages are 8.4 years in the humanities as opposed to 6 years in the sciences) and longer than people did in the 1960's, when the average was 5.4 years. "Thousands of Americans spend year after year mired in dissertations, demoralized and unable to start their careers. Campuses brim with legends about scholars who spent years toiling in libraries and at typewriters creating a definitive masterpiece, or worse, simply going through bouts of angst while resisting libraries and typewriters." This is the rhetoric that *60 Minutes* uses about the homeless: "mired in," "demoralized," etc. On page 21 of the same issue, we hear the Voice of Reason, disguised as Ellen Benkin, director of graduate research at UCLA: "People who are in doctoral programs have been in institutions of higher education for 10 or 12 years, and that is a very comfortable environment." Dr. Virginia Fromkin of UCLA even gives the reason for the time differentials. There used to be many more jobs waiting for Ph.D.'s in the 60's. Without that incentive, people take longer.

Then comes the good news, for anyone but a confirmed crisis mongerer, that is. In the next decade retirements will open up half a million jobs in colleges and universities. Graduate students will have a reason to finish their degrees and many fine scholars who could not find positions in the 70's and 80's will now have a chance for them. This is good news, right? Not according to the Council of Graduate Schools, made up of 385 deans of the nation's graduate schools. They have formed a special group to examine alternatives to the dissertation. That is, they are looking for ways to eliminate the dissertation as a requirement for teaching at institutions of higher learning.

A "crisis" in institutional America is an excuse to attack standards. The positions opening up in the next decade will mean a real opportunity for those with earned doctorates who have continued to publish. For whom is this situation a crisis?

"Educators note," the *Times* continues, "that more than 70 percent of college teachers never publish another piece of scholarship after their dissertation." These are the people for whom the coming wave of retirements represents a crisis. They have used the "up or out" system of tenure as a mechanism to keep creative people out of university positions. Now they are faced with a situation in which it will be virtually impossible to avoid giving positions to the best of those who have received doctorates during the past two decades. Their response is simple. Give Ph.D.'s to the nation's ABD's, that large horde of ex-graduate students who passed their graduate classes and examinations but never finished their dissertations. (ABD is jargon for "all but dissertation.") It is no accident that what amounts to a war against minimal standards in our educational institutions is headed by the deans of the nation's graduate schools, not by the heads of our teachers' unions.

The same distaste for standards may be sniffed in another *Times* front-page story from May 10. Despite successful fund-raising programs, the nation's universities are discretely cutting back on some programs. "Washington University at St. Louis provoked protests from faculty members and students when it announced last month that it was gradually shutting down its sociology department, which was widely considered 20 years ago to be among the nation's best." As Oscar Wilde said of the death of Little Nell, the man must have a heart of stone who can read that sentence without laughing. "Johns Hopkins has just begun a five-year plan to reduce costs and eliminate some programs in its arts and sciences school, which last year ran a $7 million deficit. That came even though the university had embarked on a capital campaign that had then raised nearly $500 million."

The vicissitudes of university budgets are many and various, but nobody is claiming that a major research department is being eliminated. The universities discussed in the article, including Columbia, are shutting down departments that have long since given up striving for excellence. Even $500 million is a limited sum of money. If it is divided up equally among all programs, none of them will amount to much. Washington University and

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Johns Hopkins should be cheered for making courageous but unpopular decisions.

The *Times* points out that students will not be able to study some subjects at those schools. Put another way, at issue is "some schools' ability to maintain top-quality programs across a wide spectrum of academic disciplines." Very few schools, e.g., Berkeley, Wisconsin, and Harvard, have top-quality programs in many areas. For most schools the real issue is having any top-quality programs at all. A school that squanders its limited resources on maintaining a life-support system for a program that saw its best days decades before will not have the money for any first-rate programs. I recently read of a state university salvaging a Ph.D. program that had not granted a degree in five years because "every great university should have a department of X." Great universities should have great departments. Every university should have some great departments. The resources, human and financial, do not exist for all universities to support great departments in all areas. The resources do exist to support mediocrity in nearly every field. Professional organizations put no pressure on schools to maintain standards of excellence and creativity. They do raise a ruckus when a department that has given up is eliminated. It is a bitter insight into the hatred of excellence which has become the hallmark of American education.

—*E. Christian Kopff*

EVERYONE NOW KNOWS what the Methodists have done to their hymnal. Inclusive language once again triumphs over not only tradition and elegance, but even reason. Economists are not exempt from such folly. In an otherwise excellent and informative book, *Breaking the Academic Mould: Economists and American Higher Learning in the Nineteenth Century*, there is an essay by Byrd L. Jones on the development of economics at Harvard. Professor Jones quotes Francis Bowen (1811-90) to the effect that the political economy that derives from the classical economists Ricardo to Mill is a "general science of Human Nature, of which the special sciences of Ethics, Psychology, Politics, and Political Economy are so many distinct and co-ordinate departments . . . deriving its principles from their knowledge of human nature, and tracing these down to the outward conduct of men and to the social phenomenon which these general motives produce or influence."

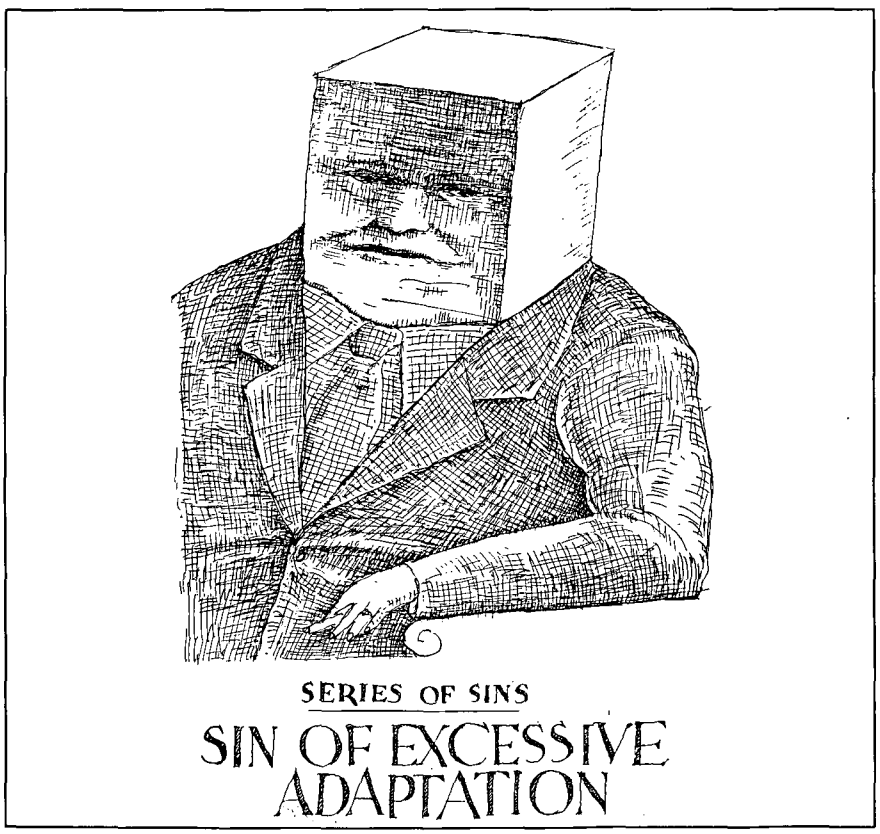
Professor Jones feels compelled in a footnote to add: "Male references prevailed among Harvard's economists, reflecting then common conventions and a biased definition of human beings. Such gender limitations jar modern sensibilities, and I have minimized their appearance in quoted matter while leaving some as a reminder of social prejudices among social scientists—including those who lectured at Radcliffe."

But the tide has begun to turn. There is something symbolic in the socialist prime minister of Greece, Andreas Papandreou, formerly professor of economics at Berkeley, ditching his feminist wife devoted to feminist causes for a Dimitri Liani, a hostess for Olympic Airlines, who is not only described as a tall, buxom, bleached blonde of 34 but a good cook. (Is this home economics?)

There are consolations for this gender exploitation in language. Over the centuries I am sure that most women have been relieved at the wording of the Confession of Sin in the Book of Common Prayer: "Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, maker of all things, judge of all men; we acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness . . ."

—*William F. Campbell*

CHRONICLES is pleased to announce that Chilton Williamson Jr. is our new senior editor for books. Born in New York City in 1947, with a Columbia B.A. plus four years of graduate work there, Chilton worked from 1973 to 1976 as a history editor at St. Martin's Press. He next became book review editor, and then senior editor, at *National Review*, a position he resigned to come to *Chronicles*. The author of *Roughnecking It* and *Desert Light*, Chilton is at work on a new novel, entitled *The Homestead*, and a nonfiction book about the Southwest, *Unsecured Territories* (both for Weidenfeld & Nicolson). He will remain in Kemmerer, Wyoming, where he has lived for the past ten years. We are delighted to have his good will and expertise.



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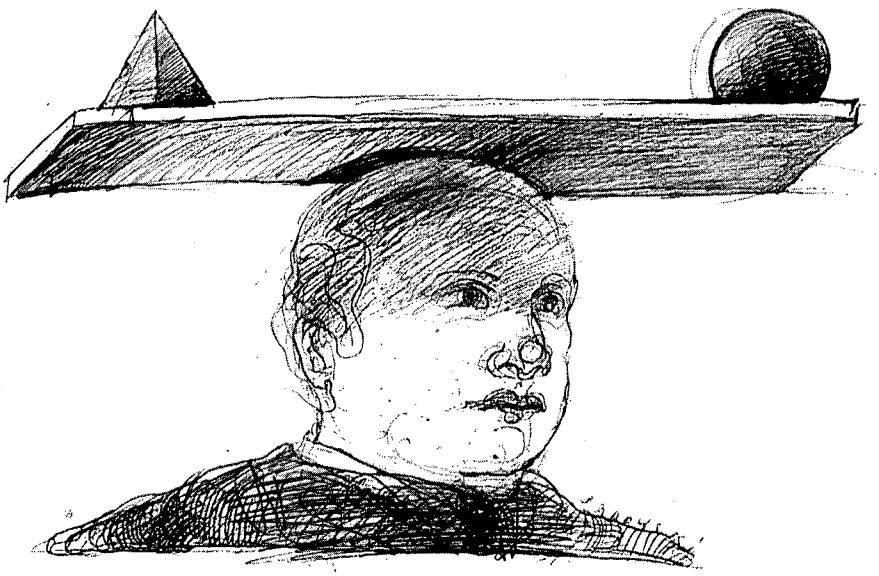

The Closing of the Conservative Mind

by Thomas Fleming

Why do we call it *liberal education*? When an eighteen-year-old graduates from high school and goes off to college to pick up a smattering of history and literature, why should we describe his course of study as the *liberal arts*? Educators once knew the answers to these questions, but it has been many years since I have run into a college dean who did not explain the term "liberal education" as having something to do with liberating the young mind from the shackles of ignorance, prejudice, and tradition.

In a sense they are right, since for all practical purposes a liberal education is a system of indoctrination designed to produce liberals. In origin, however, the root meaning of liberal comes from the Latin *liber*, "free." In phrases like "liberal arts," *liberalis* was used to translate the Greek *eleutherios* (similarly derived from *eleutheros*, "free"), which meant something like: having the quality and character of a free man, as opposed to a slave. A liberal education, then, is an education fit for free men and one that fits them for freedom.

What did the ancients mean by such a distinction? Most obviously, freedom signified that a person was not owned by anyone else—not his body or his mind, not his time or his labor. This is not to say he was free of all obligation—quite the contrary. An Athenian or Roman citizen owed a great deal to his parents, his kin, and his country, but these were moral and political obligations to be discharged freely and without compulsion. If he was a farmer, he worked his own land; if a merchant he did business on his own account. An employee, by this definition, cannot be free; he is simply a tool at the service of his masters.

There are many arts appropriate to free men and women, and every people decides for itself whether to include weaving (of which the Egyptians were fond) or flute-playing (which Alcibiades' disdain made unpopular in Athens) among the liberal arts. But certain elements of the original conception are a vital core that has been preserved wherever the ancient love of liberty has been cherished. Literature is studied because the great works of imagination are among the principal agents that form the character of a people. For similar reasons history is taught, both to inspire the young with a desire to emulate their ancestors, and to infuse the debates of the present with the lessons of the past. Some training in logic is required, if a man is to think clearly through the complicated political issues that perplex the counsels of a self-governing nation. But more importantly, he must master grammar and rhetoric—the arts of speaking and writing correctly and effectively—because the object of education is a citizen who can be of service to his family and friends and to his country. Only "a good man skilled in speaking"—the best definition of an orator—can take an active part in the political life of a free society.

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Such, in essence, was the ancient ideal of liberal education as we encounter it in such diverse and even opposing authors as Plato and Isocrates, Aristotle and Cicero. It was conservative in its adherence to tradition and in its commitment to social order, but liberal or even radical in emphasizing a technique of argument and dialectic that can bring out both sides of a controversy. It is a far cry from anything that goes on in American universities, where cowardice, servility, and disloyalty are the primary virtues, and contempt for the past is the sole object of teaching history.

Most of what takes place in our universities is to be explained not so much by malice as by fear. Liberalism is a timorous creed that cannot suffer the voice of opposition. Its tenets, because they are held as a religious faith, cannot be subject to questioning, much less contradiction. As each new corollary is spawned from liberal orthodoxy—minority rights, feminism, deconstructionism, toleration of perversity—some liberals are forced to destroy their careers (or become conservative, which is virtually the same thing) by bucking the latest trend. Most, however, simply go along and follow St. Paul's advice by settling their stomach with a little wine: a liberal with good intentions almost always has a drinking problem.

The conservative movement that took shape after World War II, insofar as it has been in evidence on campus, served primarily as the permanent minority, a small wedge in the door that keeps the house of intellect from falling into total darkness. The various arguments put forward by such conservative scholars as Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Stephen Tonsor, M.E. Bradford, Milton Friedman, Karl Wittfogel, and Robert Nisbet never amounted to a consensus on anything—except for dissatisfaction with the way things are. They did keep alive a diversity of political and historical argument that would otherwise have been lost, and in a few notable cases—e.g., Friedman and Nisbet—they succeeded in changing the terms of debate.

To use a biological metaphor, the conservative role has been to preserve genetic diversity in our intellectual population. Liberal intellectuals resemble nothing so much as a domesticated species of grain or bird or tree. They flourish, so long as there is no dramatic change in the conditions for which they were created, but a shift in climate or the arrival of some new disease or predator threatens them with extinction, because all the little genetic variants that might have proved successful in adapting to change have been bred out of them.

By keeping alive the minority opinions on free enterprise, limited government, traditional morality, and patriotism, conservative intellectuals helped to make the counterinsurgency of the Reagan years possible. They had not succeeded in convincing very many scholars and intellectuals, but they had made a respectable showing over the years, sufficient that when the cataclysm of the Carter administration took place and many people—in and out of academia—began to entertain doubts, they could hardly fail to consider the conservative alternatives.

A number of groups are responsible for preserving conservative alternatives, but none is older or more important than the *National Review*, which over the years has published articles from Birchers, segregationists, libertarians, traditionalists, agrarians, neoconservatives, and not a few liberals. Throughout the 50's and 60's, when most people thought of conservatives, their first impression was of William F. Buckley Jr., the polysyllabic Yalie who took on the opposition with the sort of heroic chivalry displayed by Richard I and Saladin in their unholy wars over the Holy Land.

But if NR was eager to preserve conservative alternatives, the magazine also seemed determined on deciding who was and who was not entitled to use the name. Over the years, NR editors read a fair number of alternatives out of the party. Poet and scholar Peter Viereck was among the first to be relegated—for holding affirmative views on the New Deal that were somewhat to the right of *Commentary* in the 1980's. If Viereck was an enemy on the left, Ayn Rand and the John Birch Society were enemies on the right. Rand was read out for her libertarian/libertine views, and the Birchers expelled for their zany conspiracy theories. The attack on the Birchers was a costly move. While Robert Welch had clearly gone off the deep end in declaring President Eisenhower a conscious agent of international Communism, the Society, nonetheless, included a great many people who were neither dangerous nor crazy. They were the representatives and heirs of the older conservativism that tended to be Middle American, Protestant, isolationist, and anti-urban—a combination of Bob Taft Republicans and Southern Democrats that continue to be the heart, if not the mind, of the American right.

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Whatever the reason, today there is probably less freedom of opinion on the right than on the left, and, what is more significant, most of the clauses in the new conservative credo would have been viewed, ten or fifteen years ago, as either false or unimportant.

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With the exception of these anathemas, NR and indeed the entire conservative coalition were marked by an intellectual freedom that put the "free-thinking" left to shame. But if the great merit of conservatism has been to keep alive a diversity of opinion, that merit evaporated in the 1980's. Some attribute the hardening of conservative ideology to the election of Ronald Reagan, an event that gave the movement its first chance for power. Others blame the arrival of the neoconservatives, whose leaders were seasoned veterans of the civil wars fought out between the various sects that revere the memory of Marx and Lenin. Still others have pointed to the demise or retirement of a great many intellectual leaders of the Old Right.

Whatever the reason, today there is probably less freedom of opinion on the right than on the left, and, what is more significant, most of the clauses in the new conservative credo would have been viewed, ten or fifteen years ago, as either false or unimportant. The old conservatives believed in limited government, small-town America, free enterprise; they were suspicious of the intellectual and political elites

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and wanted to roll back government involvement in the economy; above all, they hated anything that smacked of globalism. On the far right, they wanted us out of the UN, and all were contemptuous of any ideological commitment to the human race.

What do the new conservatives believe? Virtually none of the above. They like government and don't mind expanding its powers, so long as they can put their friends into jobs in the White House. They want to make the welfare state more efficient, but would never dream of dismantling it. So far from disliking the elites, their fondest wish is to form an elite class that will share power with the left. Most importantly, they are the biggest globalists in American history. The American people, in their view, must be willing to bear any burden, pay any price in carrying on a crusade for global democracy, eliminating all trade barriers, and opening the country to unrestricted immigration. If anyone is foolish enough to express contrary views, he runs the risk of being eliminated as a nativist, an anti-Semite, and a factious sectarian—the three charges that have been leveled against *Chronicles* by Richard John Neuhaus and Norman Podhoretz and repeated fervently by the less reflective representatives of the established right.

As Podhoretz (editor of *Commentary*) wrote to Neuhaus in a letter that the former Missouri Synod Lutheran pastor chose to share with the press: "I know an enemy when I see one, and *Chronicles* has become just that so far as I am personally concerned." Neuhaus and Podhoretz, by making these public accusations, apparently meant to turn a guerrilla campaign against free expression into an all-out war against any variety of conservatism or liberalism with which they happen to disagree. In this case Mr. Podhoretz was annoyed by what he chose to call the "nativist bigotry" of the March '89 *Chronicles* perspective on immigration and the "anti-Semitism" displayed in Bill Kauffman's article on Gore Vidal.

No defense of either piece should be necessary in a free country. Mr. Vidal, although he has been roughly criticized in *Chronicles* over the years, is a serious and influential writer. Whether Mr. Kauffman was correct or incorrect in locating him within a reactionary tradition that includes Henry Adams is hardly the issue. Apparently, the first rule of the conservative coalition is that no magazine editor may ever publish anything without first checking with Norman Podhoretz, the Mrs. Grundy of the American right. Henceforth novelists are not to be judged on any but political standards, and those standards are set by *Commentary*.

The immigration issue is far more serious than the censorship of literary opinion. Across the political spectrum, thoughtful writers have been making the case for an immigration policy in the national interest. Similar arguments have issued from academic leftists like Michael Walzer to such centrist liberals as Richard Lamm and Senator Graham of Florida to such diverse conservative writers as Wayne Lutton and Peter Brimelow. If a few conservative ideologues succeed in silencing all serious debate on such vital national issues, then the long-term prospects for American conservatism are very dim indeed.

To anyone who has read *Chronicles*, the charges are "ridiculous"—as the publisher of *National Review* declared unequivocally to *The Washington Times*, and as both Jacob Neusner and Robert Nisbet told *The New York Times*. But the war against free expression extends beyond our magazine. Midge Decter is now referring to a speech of Russell Kirk's as "a bloody outrage, a piece of anti-Semitism." After Kirk, conservatives are wondering, who is next in line to be denounced? Miss Decter and her husband hint that it is George Bush. According to Mr. Podhoretz, the administration is drifting "towards changing its position of adamant opposition to a PLO state," while his wife denounces our Middle East policy as "a disaster for some time" and—in the same breath—Mr. Bush's presidency as a "Philistine administration," by which she does not mean, presumably, that she disagrees with its arts policies. By implicating President Bush in their conspiracy theory, the Podhoretzes have joined the ranks of Robert Welch, and one might update Russell Kirk's response to Welch's denunciation of Eisenhower ("Ike's not a Communist: he's a golfer") by saying of the President that George Bush is not an anti-Semite: he's a fisherman.

It is interesting to note that none of our accusers has managed to lay a glove on the magazine by finding a single jot or tittle that could be plausibly construed as evidence of bigotry. They have to fall back on the last resort of the calumniator: "code words" and "insensitivity." The most dishonest attack was the suggestion that *Chronicles*' criticisms of the Northeastern literary-intellectual establishment have been aimed only at Jews, and that references to New York and Scarsdale and Brookline are anti-Semitic "code words." It's news to us, as it will be to the people of Massachusetts, where Brookline is associated with upper-middle-class liberalism. If anything, the community has a reputation for anti-Semitism.

Irritating as it must be to the epicene young conservatives who only recently came down to the City from the Ivy League, there actually are people who think New York can never be part of any solution; that, for all the good people who live and work in Manhattan, what it has come to represent is everything that is alien and hostile to whatever is best in the American tradition. As Hank Williams Jr. sings: "You can send me to Hell or New York City. It'd be about the same to me." What the future of Manhattan-style conservatism can be, God only knows, but Henry Regnery—whose powers of prophecy no conservative will deny—as early as 1953 was telling Mr. Buckley that any new conservative magazine should be "edited and published outside New York."

But times have changed since 1953, and any criticism of New York is now taken as evidence of bigotry. The world is a simple place for single-issues voters and conspiracy-theorists. If they know where a man stands on nuclear energy, the Trilateral Commission, the Palestinians, or the gold standard, they can locate him precisely on the grid of their paranoia. Years ago *National Review* attempted to free conservatism from this sort of paranoia.

Such an effort would now encounter almost insupportable obstacles. If the older conservative and libertarian heroes were literate, broadly educated, and intellectually serious—one has only to think of H.L. Mencken, Albert Jay Nock, James Burnham, and Russell Kirk—their successors have been, by and large, men of a different stamp. In

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the conservative movement of the 1980's there are men and women of doubtful reputation and dubious education who have clawed their way to the top by means that Lyndon Johnson would have approved of. Real scholars, like M.E. Bradford and Paul Gottfried, are viewed with barely concealed resentment and contempt: if they're so smart, why ain't they rich?

This contempt for learning and principle has been communicated to the younger generation of conservatives who are hardly out of school before they have managed to write books on vast subjects that it would take an educated person several years to master and a "third generation conservative" at least a decade.

Far more serious than their lack of information on church fathers, fundamentalism, the American Constitution, or nuclear physics is their more basic educational deficiency. A college graduate in the 1980's probably has learned very little worth knowing of history, philosophy, literature, and foreign languages. Without these basic tools provided by liberal education, a "journalist"—for that is what they aspire to being—has no sense of proportion, no standards by which to measure the experiences of the present. Since virtually none of the aspiring Buckleys have done postgraduate research or apprenticed themselves to a decent newspaper, they are in the comfortable position of being able to adopt any opinion that is handed to them by their masters. So far from displaying the impudence and arrogance of youth, they are pathetically eager to ingratiate themselves with the influential editors and foundation executives who decree the rule on what is acceptable opinion. Only ignorance, vast and deep, explains the conservative about-face on globalism, immigration, the congressional role in foreign policy, free trade, and the welfare state.

A similar judgment might be passed on most young journalists—a class of men that has never been noted for intelligence, learning, or probity. But these kids may be among the best and brightest. They could easily have gone on to graduate school or learned the not-entirely-contemptible trade of the newspaper reporter. Instead, we have educated most of them so rapidly that they do not even know what they have missed. They write books on "global democracy" without knowing any history and criticize the style of St. Augustine without bothering to learn Latin. They offer to write reviews sucking up to conservative celebrities—one of them tried to bribe me into taking his impudent attack on Harry Jaffa by promising to write a favorable review of *The Conservative Movement* (which I co-authored). Fortunately, there are other young conservatives who have lagged behind in pursuit of celebrity and who, like the proverbial tortoise, may begin to win the race in the 90's. That, at best, is my pious hope. If not, the rapidly closing conservative mind may slam shut, double-locked with deadbolts.

This will be no earth-shattering event. For one thing, the so-called conservative movement is still less rotten, more idealistic, and more exuberant than its leftist analogues. In addition, there has always been a gulf separating the ordinary, instinctive conservatives of Middle America from the various leaders that have risen up to speak in their name. Sometimes they have fallen for rank imposters like Huey Long, Father Coughlin, or George Wallace. But they have also found more responsible political spokesmen—from William Jennings Bryan to Jesse Helms. If they are divorced, as I believe they are now invisibly divorced, from the northeastern establishments—conservative as well as liberal—it will not take too long for another intellectual/political coalition to arise.

GREAT TOPICS, GREAT ISSUES!

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The Burden of Liberalism – July 1989 – 1988 Ingersoll Prize winner, sociologist Edward Shils, on the varieties of liberalism; historian George Watson on postwar Buchenwald: for the Soviets it was also a death camp. Timothy Ashby reviews Hernando de Soto's plea for unfettered capitalism in South America, *The Other Path*.

The 60's Thing – August 1989 – Vice Admiral James Stockdale on why we cannot put Vietnam behind us; Thomas Fleming gives a short history of rock and roll; Chris Kopff on the vision of Clint Eastwood; Katherine Dalton on the late 60's in New York. Plus George Garrett reviews the Sam Goldwyn biography, Art Eckstein gives high markes to Collier & Horowitz's "Destructive Generation," and Janet Scott Barlow plumbs the depths of Real Guyhood in "GQ" and "Esquire."

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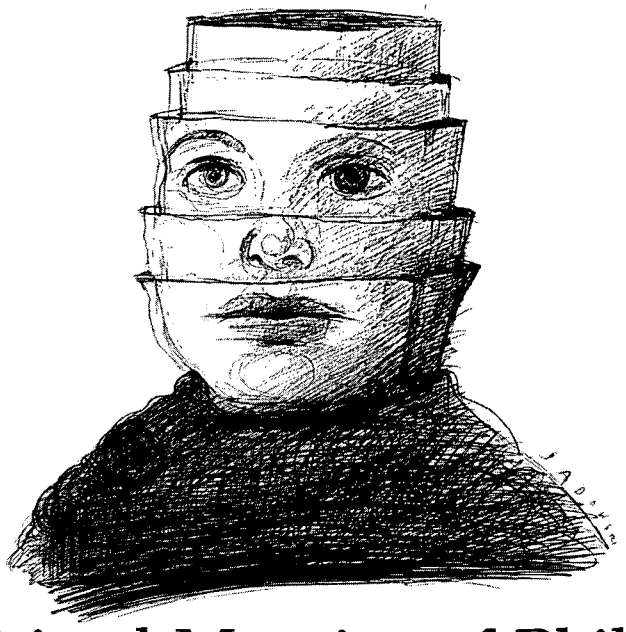

The Spiritual Meaning of Philosophy

by Stephen R.L. Clark

In 525 A.D. the Lady Philosophy reminded Boethius, in his death-cell, that true philosophers must think body, rank, and estate of less importance than their understanding of what was truly their own. This understanding of philosophy, which is also Epictetus's and Aurelius's, as something more than a pleasant enough word game, has been neglected by modern sophists, though "taking one's troubles philosophically" is still a common enough phrase. Those ancients who, not being Socrates, still thought they ought to want to be Socrates, thought of the Hebrews as a nation of philosophers, not because they asked questions, or practiced a careful casuistry, but because they served God, because they saw our ordinary "waking" world as fragmentary or dreamlike by comparison with reality.

If moderns discuss the thought that our present life is a dream, it is as a problem in epistemology to be neutralized —like other great problems—by suggesting that it is somehow impossible to question the fundamental framework within which we live. A better understanding of that thought is as an ethical one: are we right to assume that things are as they appear to us, under the influence of desire or fear or self-esteem? The ancient answer, still worth considering, is that they are not, that this life is, in Marcus Aurelius's words, "a dream and a delirium," that we do not see things straight until we see with the eyes of Reason.

The moral dangers of thinking this life but a dream are not so great: Epictetus believed that we began to wake up precisely through our recognition of moral duty. The thought was not intended to deaden but to increase our moral seriousness. If the real world is not what the "true philosophers" thought, we have no good ground to think that wisdom is worth pursuing, or even attainable. If we take philosophy—or science in general—with proper seriousness, we must try to wake up and remember who and what we are, and what is ours. Remembering that, we can begin to glimpse, "as through a narrow crack," what the Lady Philosophy intended.

Stephen Clark is a professor of philosophy at the University of Liverpool.

Sophists and Sages

Even today philosophical texts, at least in public libraries, are usually found next to the volumes of moral or spiritual uplift, but few people would find it natural to turn to modern analytical philosophy as consolation for their troubles, as they might pick up a book of crossword puzzles, or the latest thriller. People may still imagine that philosophy is "what you need in times of trouble," or that it offers the appearance of occult or esoteric knowledge. Once they find out what modern philosophers actually do, they are rapidly disillusioned.

It is perhaps no bad thing, of course, that university lecturers have fewer pretensions than the "wise men" whom Socrates interrogated. We are paid to teach those who wish to have a university qualification, and to write books and articles on selected texts and topics. We are not paid to prepare ourselves, our pupils, and our readers for disgrace and death, to stand out against unjust rulers, nor even to practice more than the bare minimum of civil virtue.

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Teachers of philosophy, as we now understand the phrase, are not expected to philosophize, to prefer wisdom, truth, and integrity to their professional advancement, the applause of their peers or of the public, or their health, wealth, and security. Perhaps some do, but I doubt if many can read Epictetus's rebuke (suitably modernized) without a qualm: "don't be childish: now a philosopher, then a tax-inspector, then an advertising executive, then a Parliamentarian." Don't think of philosophizing as a temporary occupation, or an easy one.

> It's for this that the young men leave their fatherlands and their own parents? To come and listen to you interpreting trifling phrases? Ought they not to be, when they return home, forebearing, ready to help one another, tranquil, with a mind at peace, possessed of some such provision for the journey of life, that starting out with it they will be able to bear well whatever happens, and to derive honour from it? And where did you get the ability to impart to them these things which you do not possess yourself?

The lessons that philosophers ought to rehearse, to write down daily and to put into practice, are the primacy of individual moral choice, the relative unimportance of body, rank, and estate, and knowledge of what is truly their own and what is permitted them. Philosophy is the care of the soul, and anyone who pretends to "teach philosophy," so Epictetus advises us, without the knowledge, virtue, and strength to cope with distressed and corrupted souls, "and above all the counsel of God advising him to occupy this office," is a vulgarizer of the Mysteries, or a quack doctor. True philosophers must expect their attentions to have a real, and perhaps a painful, effect. A rough cloak and long hair—or as we might say, a university post—do not make the philosopher.

Sophists like myself may find the old puzzles entertaining, and may take pleasure in teasing the naive with arguments for the impossibility of knowledge, of change, of individual consciousness. But our professional efforts are usually directed at immunizing ourselves and our pupils against any threat to a comfortable conventionalism. We are professionals, it is possible cynically to think, because we are immune or indifferent to the texts we study. Those who take the infection drop out from the life of honor and applause to become monks or missionaries or road-sweepers. That Plato or Parmenides, Berkeley or Bradley, Hume or Heidegger might actually have been correct, even if occasionally sophistical, is not a thought to take too seriously. True, there are professionals who manage to combine analytical rigor (which is no bad thing) and philosophical courage, but the times are against them. Professional philosophy is Penelope—constantly unweaving by night the web of propositions she had woven by day. What is it about philosophizing that makes it worth our notice if it really contributes nothing to the well-being of philosopher and audience except a brief amusement? What makes it worthwhile if it does not even do that, but instead engenders a severe depression or confusion (as it demonstrably sometimes does)? Pursuing an occupation that leads merely to depression is surely perverse, though philosophers are not the only ones to do it (think of literary critics, political commentators, Freudian psychoanalysts. . . .).

Ancient philosophy was not merely analytical enquiry. Ancient commentators sometimes called the Hebrews a nation of philosophers, but not because Jews are always asking questions, as the Skeptics do ("Why does a Jew always answer a question with a question?" "And why shouldn't a Jew always answer a question with a question?"). The Hebrews were philosophers because (it was supposed) they worshipped an invisible god and dedicated all their lives to virtue. Greek commentators did tend to downgrade or ignore those aspects of Mosaic Law that struck them as vulgar or irrational, just as they tended to ignore Brahminical doctrine that did not fit well with their picture of the Hindu sannyasin as a "gymnosophist," a naked philosopher. Such practices, of course, could be interpreted as outward and visible signs of an inner discipline (as the cloak and long hair favored by pagan philosophers should be). Epictetus confesses that he and his disciples are, as it were, Jews in word but not in deed: *parabaptistai*, not dyed-in-the-wool, very far from applying the principles they preach: "so although we are unable even to fulfill the profession of man, we take on the additional profession of the philosopher."

The philosopher's advice is not, as I have myself sometimes mistakenly suggested, to view such externals as indifferent, to cut emotional and social ties and think only of one's own security (and what is that once I have lost all interest in the world?). It is to remember what and where we are, and not to be a slave. And slaves among slaves we shall be, until we are ready to die by torture, if it is our job. Our duties are generally measured by our social ties, by our role in God's drama, not by our immediate likings or our wish to hang on hard to what is lent to us. First, we ought to remind ourselves first that all earthly matters occupy a mathematical point in comparison to the width and duration of the cosmos; and second, that anger, greed, and ignorance conceal even such reality as we can see. Things as they first present themselves are tainted with our hopes and fears; they are seen as instruments for, or obstacles to, our worldly purposes. It is the nonpossessive welcoming of what is real, what Jonathan Edwards called "the cordial consent of beings to Being in general," that philosophy once practiced. As I wrote some years ago, "the effort to rediscover equanimity when in a bad temper, and the effort to uncover truth when at the mercy of social prejudice, are very similar. Both seem to involve a putting of oneself at the disposal of the universe . . . Being thankful for things as they are, praying for one's supposed enemies as they are, rejoicing in the sense of being a unit in a wider and happier whole—these are ways in which we can escape despair."

Waking Identities

And what is this thing called "I" that must not be identified with worldly wishes, wealth, or reputation? The more softly a captive lion lives the more slavishly he lives. Epictetus imagines how a captive bird might speak: "my nature is to fly where I please, to live in the open air, to sing when I please. You rob me of all this and then ask what is wrong with me?" Vine and cock alike do ill when they go

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against their nature; so also man, whose nature is not to bite, kick, imprison, or behead but to do good, to work together, to pray for the success of others. The greedy, disputatious, tricksy, angry, timorous, slothful, fickle, or lustful cannot properly be considered human, but have the spirits of animals—or those spirits that the ancients (and more modern thinkers) regularly reckoned animals to have. What we are, by nature, is not what now appears: "[we] have a little forgotten [our] real self," being clouded by a mist of mortal affairs that the Lady Philosophy shall wipe away. Because our nature is to be aware of what we can be, we can conceive the negation of that self-awareness, and forget. In a Platonic world one's nature is not what now one usually does, but what the eye of reason can discover we should do, if not perverted from the old straight way.

> Remember that you are an actor in a play, the character
> of which is determined by the playwright. If He wishes
> you to play the part of a beggar, remember to act even
> this part adroitly; and so if your role be that of a cripple, an official, or a layman. For this is your
> business, to play admirably the role assigned to you;
> but the selection of that role is another's.

Not body, nor rank, nor estate, nor reputation is me: those are all things I put on, and may be diverted by. My being is only known in my recognition of duty. What is the self-knowledge the philosophers require, and what is the self that is known? Modern existentialists, perverting an ancient doctrine, have decreed that the human self is a vacuity, that we have no real nature, no duties prior to our own, entirely arbitrary, choice. Modern naturalists, no less despairingly though with more consistency, have held that what we are is simply discoverable: we are animals whose nature is dictated by our evolutionary past. Both sides have taken the present world for granted, and they differ only by the extent to which they think self-knowledge is absurd. I shall pick up the hint that both unconsciously give us in a moment: what we know of ourselves, the self as object of our cognition, arises within a wider, unknown self. What we are is not the thing we think.

A full investigation of these mysteries, to state the obvious, is far beyond my ability. What I shall be considering in this second section is the simple thought, much mocked by moderns, that this life's "a dream and a delirium" (as Aurelius said). Epictetus is wary of saying that we cannot distinguish waking life and dream, but it is an error to suppose that he is making the merely bourgeois claim that our present, ordinary life is wakeful. A feeble or frivolous skepticism, which gives as a reason for not attending to our obvious duties that we cannot "know" that we are not asleep, is not the lancet needed to awaken us. We are asleep as long as we are deceived, self-contradictory, inane; but Nature—which is to say, God's will—will often prod us half-awake, "though we groan and are reluctant."

Students of philosophy are generally introduced to the thought that life is but a dream only as an instrument of Cartesian doubt, a device to be neutralized. The more psychoanalytically-inclined commentators attribute even the readiness to consider such a theme to a deep-seated malaise, a failure of nerve in the face of worldly danger. "If only Marcus Aurelius had seen a good psychiatrist . . ." Well, what evidence is there that psychiatrists, any more than sophists, "have the ability to impart" what they do not possess themselves, a real equanimity and knowledge of what is really ours and what's required of us?

Descartes' puzzle, which no modern is supposed to take seriously, is the simple question, "How do you know you are not dreaming?" The puzzle, even when it is taken seriously, is only reckoned a problem for epistemology, where the ancients recognized it as an inquiry about the status of our life-world, a problem for ethics. Descartes' own answer (that God would not deceive honest inquirers) has not convinced many, but no other adequate response has been found. It is usual nowadays to say something like the following:

(a) As long as the "dream" is consistent and coherent, no one need care; or (b) "dreaming" only makes sense if there is such a thing as "waking," so everything can't be a dream; or (c) "this is not a dream" is more certain than any other premise that might be invoked to prove (or disprove) it; or (d) we cannot even speak of the possibility that we are (transcendentally) vat-brains or imprisoned spirits; or (e) things that are asleep can't ask or answer questions ("If I ask my son if he's awake and he says 'no,' I know he's not telling the truth"). None of these claims work, even as sophistical philosophy, let alone as ways of giving the really doubtful some assurance of their identity.

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What we know of ourselves, the self as object of our cognition, arises within a wider, unknown self. What we are is not the thing we think.

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Thus: there is something we call "being awake," but the fact that we call it that no more proves that it has the properties we thereby ascribe to it than the fact that people once spoke of witches shows that there really were witches, though there were people whom everyone called "witches." It is strange that sophists who regularly (and incorrectly) oppose Anselm's ontological argument on the plea that reality cannot be determined simply by our concepts of reality should so unblushingly reverse their judgment when asked to consider whether this world is a dream and a delirium.

Furthermore, (a) a coherent illusion in which we have the impression that we are encountering real things, real people, can only satisfy the self-absorbed. Some of us, at least, want to have real friends and companions, and to know something about the real causes of our experience. (b) Granted that to say of an experience that it is a dream carries the implication that it is not a true waking experience, it does not follow that we can put our finger on true waking experiences, nor that they will turn out to be the ones we

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Minthorn House

by Floyd Skloot

Newly orphaned Herbert Hoover lived here
three years with his Quaker uncle—a son
to replace the son lost to consumption.
He came by train, two dimes in his pocket,
inspired to be a mining engineer
by the pure union of bolt and socket.
Rain and the shade of the Chehalems fit
the bent of his zeal while the house let
him believe Iowa might still be near.

We arrive to locked doors, drawn blinds: The grass
is trimmed close. There is freshly whitewashed fence,
pear trees massed with fruit. My wife and I pass
beneath a sign that says Closed for Season,
circling the yard for no good reason.

The Price Is Right

One March morning in 1958
my mother guessed the price of a brand new
split-level on Long Island. It is fate,
she thought, God knows we need it. She could do
nothing wrong that half-hour. She got the trip
to Florence, doublewall Amana range,
classic fox stole. Hardly daring to sip
her Savarin, she sat still in the strange
chill of pure luck, conceiving another
life. She whispered the precise figure for
a baby Grand; there would be song. Mother
would host luncheons on the patio or
soirees in the sand. Then the show ended.
Her fortunes left her as they always did.

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would have guessed. If a child is introduced to the concept of a tiger by showing her cuddly toys and gasoline advertisements, it does not follow that she cannot doubt that these are real tigers: she can, and should. (c) It may be true that the framework of our ordinary reasonings cannot be subject to the same doubts and tests that we bring to bear on elements of our experience (crudely, we check claims by seeing how well they fit together with central assumptions of "our" consensus reality). It does not follow that we can never be confronted by gross conflicts of framework and central assumptions. The thought that we are asleep and dreaming (i.e., do not have the immediate access that we had supposed to the real causes of experience) is certainly not confined to Cartesian philosophers in a skeptical mood, though it has been part of our office as "state-kept schoolmen" to help people to forget this. (d) The desperate assertion made by others that we cannot even conceive of the possibility that we are vat-brains (i.e., that all our experiences are induced in us by mad scientists tampering with the neural network of brains suspended in a nutritive solution) rests on the claim that we can never reach beyond our experience to speak of how things are. But that is itself tantamount to the claim that we are irremediably asleep and dreaming. (e) Supposing that I have a son, he may uncontroversially claim to be "awake" in the sense that he has heard what I have said, and will respond appropriately. His denial that he is awake, in context, probably amounts only to a refusal to get up or engage in conversation, a refusal to wake up to his commitments (as defined by me). If he fails to hear or to respond in rationally appropriate ways, that is evidence that he is not really awake, not really what he must be if he is to be directly engaged with the real world. If he is able to say, with some justice, that he is not awake, then he is not entirely asleep (always assuming that I am awake enough to be sure of what he said). It does not follow that he is entirely awake. Actually, if he says he is awake, he is quite likely to be wrong, even in ordinary terms. The claim that "our ordinary life-world" is the unique and unquestionable framework of all that we think and do is simple panic, and it amounts to exactly the skepticism that it seeks to allay.

To be "asleep and dreaming" is to be embedded in one's own particularity, blind to the real world that is the ground of our experience, responsive to *Umwelt*-objects rather than to Reals (a creature's *Umwelt* is the world of its experience, determined by its biological kind). "For those who've woken up there is one common world; each sleeper's turned aside to a private one," said Heraclitus. As we believe that we are awake we conclude that all those who do not notice or care about *our* objects are dreaming. We assume that people are more awake and alert the more they see things the way we "naturally" do. But we can question whether we are as distant from a direct acquaintance with Reals as we imagine them to be. We can, through the exercise of intellectual discipline, form a notion of the real world, which then serves to reveal our ordinary visions as dreamlike. But this is only believable if we have a "high" doctrine of reason, a very traditional belief that reason unites us with the powers-that-be. If we believe instead that our reasoning powers, like our perceptions, are only those expected of placental mammals in a world governed only by time and chance, then we can have no rational assurance that our most carefully experimental science has any more than local, pragmatic value. Science, on those terms, no more tells us how things *are* than ordinary perception does. If scientific reason gives us any access to the noumenal reality "beyond" or "beneath" our *Umwelts*, it can only be because that reality is not quite what scientism supposes.

We are most awake, most in touch, when our personal worlds are shrunk, and the world itself stands upright, just as it is. Our own worlds cannot accommodate that vision, which is reality itself, and so we look back on it as onto a blank—just as in ordinary dreams we cannot recall the world we mistakenly conceive to be "the one and only waking world." We must wake up to our true identities as reasoning beings—not beings with a gift for calculation, but ones capable of the theoretical vision in which subject and object are One. Traditional philosophy consists solely in learning to know the Deity by habitual contemplation and pious devotion. "We are to stop our ears and convert our vision and our other senses inwards upon the Self," and so mount on the wings of logos and eros to "the true object of our longing," abolishing in thought the preoccupation of the eyes (according to Maximus): that is why, so Philo tells us, the High Priest must strip off the soul's tunic of opinion and imagery to enter the Holy of Holies.

When we think we are awake, we think the objects we confront are ones that were there while we slept, and that causes our own perception of them. A better analysis of perception—or, at any rate, the analysis that common sense prefers—reveals that the things we perceive are not the cause but the content of our perception, the mind-realm which it is appropriate for us to have. We do not suppose that the sheep-tick's *Umwelt*, its phenomenal universe, is composed of things-as-they-are: its *Umwelt* is how things are for a (or that) sheep-tick. We readily assume that our *Umwelts*; as well as being richer, are truer, and though the assumption is not strictly verifiable, we are perhaps entitled to build upon it. We could even say that what is noumenal for the sheep-tick is phenomenal for us. We can see and explain what it is whose echo or shadow appears in the tick-world: just so the scientist's dream may serve to explain the ordinary human one. Those for whom the earth's rotation is phenomenal have access to something merely noumenal for those who live on earth. We may, by extension, form the idea of entering a mode of conscious existence in which what was noumenal for us becomes phenomenal: equivalently, our consciousness is taken up into the divine mind.

To be asleep and dreaming is to have present to one objects not strictly identical with the causes of our being, and to be turned aside into our individual or species-worlds; dream-worlds are also typified by absurdity of logic and of value. It is a mark of what we see in our dreams that they do not live up to our rational demand for logical consistency. Neither does the realm we fondly call waking reality: witness standard paradoxes *re* change, time, and space. These are normally "solved *ambulando*"—which is to say, not solved at all, but consciously ignored. But there is more to the conviction that we are dreaming than logical puzzlement, just as the claim is not relevant solely to epistemology. We

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may also understand our ordinary goals as quite absurd—at best, quaint copies of a greater excellence: children building sand-castles to be washed away. In the words of the Nicaraguan poet Enrico Cardenal, "the realities we see are like shadows of all that is God. The reality we see is as unreal compared to the reality in God as a coloured photograph compared with what it represents . . . This whole world is made of shadows."

We are asleep because we have false impressions, false values. It is perhaps inevitable that we should. The Lady Philosophy to Boethius:

> You have forgotten what you are. Because you are wandering, forgetful of your real self, you grieve that you are in exile and stripped of your goods. Since indeed you do not know the goal and end of all things, you think that evil and wicked men are fortunate and powerful; since indeed you have forgotten what sort of governance the world is guided by, you think these fluctuations of fortune uncontrolled.

The Fall into our present sense-world, which created things as we now see them at the same moment that it created the egos that seem to see, was the product of "tolma": the wish to control something as one's own, even if only an apple! Whether we say, as the Gnostics and Buddhists did, that there would be no world of things at all without that error, or concede that there would be "things" of a kind—but not the things we greedily possess or hate—even without the Fall (that it was not a Fall into matter, but into sin), it remains true that what we perceive is not what the saints and true philosophers are, still less what God sees. Jung remarks, after his near-death experiences, "I have never since entirely freed myself of the impression that this life is a segment of existence which is enacted in a three-dimensional boxlike universe especially set up for it." And again: "Our conscious world [is] a kind of illusion . . . like a dream which seems a reality as long as we are in it." As Schopenhauer also said, "We all have a permanent notion or presentiment that under this reality in which we live and are there also lies concealed a second and different reality; it is the thing-in-itself, the *hupar* (the real in the proper sense) to this *onar* (our present life-dream)."

The first step in our return from exile is, simply, not to complain, but to hold fast to "God's presence" in us. That presence is happiness—not as if "the substance of the happiness possessed is different from God the possessor." Happiness, goodness, unity, and God are one and the same. "Eternity is the whole, simultaneous and perfect possession of boundless life." That life, half-glimpsed now from the shadows, is the abiding reality of which our worlds are the stained reflections.

Morals

Are there moral dangers in this vision? Epictetus' editor, in the Loeb Classical Library, writes: "the celebrated life-formula, Endure and Renounce, is, to speak frankly, with all its wisdom, and humility, and purifactory power, not a sufficient programme for a highly organized society making towards an envisaged goal of general improvement." We may now, perhaps, entertain a little more realistic suspicion of "organized societies for general improvement," and wonder, with Epictetus, whether we can really claim to be able to improve others, or society in general, when we cannot improve ourselves. But the claim that the things of this world are of little moment, that the true philosopher has other things in mind, may well seem heartless, or evasive, or (of course) incredible.

> Watch yourself and see how you take the word—I do not say the word that your child is dead; how could you possibly bear that?—but the word that your oil is spilled, or your wine drunk up. Well might someone stand over you when you are in this excited condition, and say simply, 'Philosopher, you talk differently in the schools; why are you deceiving us? Why, when you are a worm, do you claim that you are a man?'

Making oneself not mind, detaching oneself from worldly cares, is likely to be hypocritical escapism. Dodd's rebuke: "from a world so impoverished intellectually, so insecure materially, so filled with fear and hatred as the world of the third century [what century would you prefer?] any path that promised escape must have attracted serious minds." But do Epictetus, Aurelius, and Boethius really come across as lazy or cowardly people? Maybe, as Dodd declares, "what are we here for" is not a "question which happy men readily ask themselves"—necessarily so, if "happiness" is being absorbed by what we—for the moment—have. But those who have asked the question, and answered that we are actors in God's play, have not obviously been the least helpful members of society. The homeland for which they have yearned, of which they have hoped to be obedient expatriates even in this land of shadows, is one where all live by their real, waking natures, which is to say, by God's will. Skeptics—whether they are real skeptics or merely conventional moderns—will regularly reply that the inner conviction of God's truth cannot count as knowledge. We only "know" what we can demonstrate from premises that anyone who understands them will accept. Real Pyrrhonian skeptics have a sort of right to argue like that; ordinary moderns do not, since it is quite clear that on such terms we know nothing worth remembering. The ancient quarrel between Faith and Reason rests on terminological mistakes: there is actually little difference between Nous and living faith or inspiration. "We must believe," said Porphyry, "that in turning towards God is our salvation, as without this faith we cannot achieve truth, love or hope."

"Even if you are not yet [a] Socrates, you ought to live as one who wishes to be [a] Socrates." The consolation of philosophy is experienced by those who respond to God's call to be philosophers. There can be no such duty, no such vocation, no values beyond an afternoon's amusement in philosophy, unless Boethius and the rest were right.

If we ought to be serious and awake, it is possible for us to wake. If it is possible, then the waking world is not one alien to our best and brightest thought, and what we meet there will be the originals of which our present sense-objects are the distorted copies. If it is indeed not alien, then Epictetus was right to say that we are never helpless. ◁

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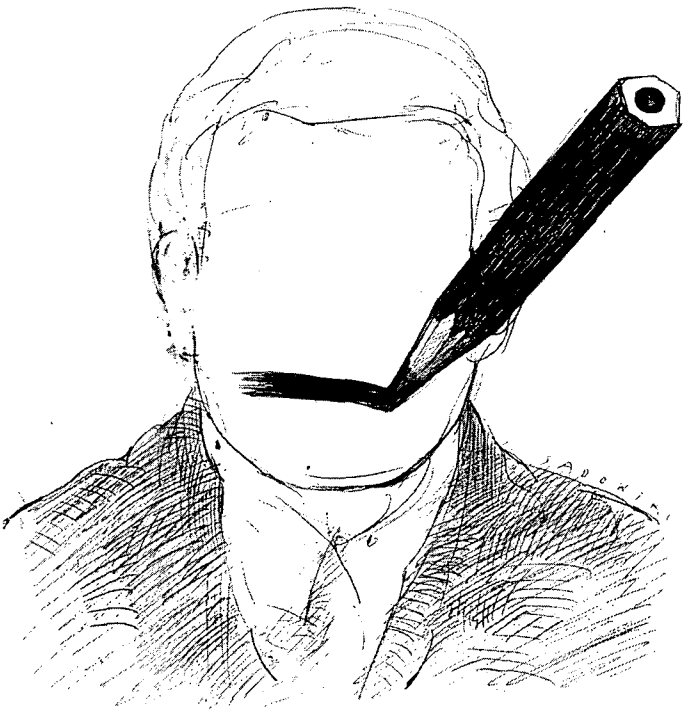
Taking the King's Shilling

Federal Aid to Higher Education

by John A. Howard



Historically, the primary function of schooling has been to teach the young how to live responsibly and productively in their own society. In our day, the notions of civic, familial, and vocational obligations have been virtually banished from pedagogy. Today's ethically and morally barren system of education has not only failed to fortify its students against perverse conduct (as is evident in the high rates of crime, AIDS, and drug addiction), but has even joined those tragic blights as a social pathology for which there seems to be no acceptable course of remedy.

It is time to bypass the taboos of the reigning educational orthodoxy and probe some of the now-forbidden chambers of the House of Intellect. Especially promising are the archives of that wisdom which used to inform and guide America's schools and colleges in their remarkably successful socialization of earlier generations of students. The consideration of just one principle, now jettisoned but previously treasured, will illustrate the value of what has been scrapped.

Until the middle of this century, the educational profession clearly recognized that the character of the educational service was determined as much by the source of funding as by the amount of money supplied. Above all, there was an aversion to having the federal government pay for America's schooling.

In March 1945 the American Council on Education and the National Education Association issued a joint bulletin of alarm to the American people. The following are the introductory paragraphs from that declaration.

> The first purpose of this document is to warn the American people of an insidious and ominous trend in the control and management of education in the United States. Its second purpose is to propose policies and procedures by which citizens may resist this dangerous trend.
>
> For more than a quarter of a century and especially during the last decade, education in the United States, like a ship caught in a powerful tide, has drifted ever further into the dangerous waters of Federal control and domination.
>
> This drift has continued at an accelerated rate during the war. Present signs indicate that unless it is sharply checked by an alert citizenry, it will continue even more rapidly after the war.
>
> It is the deliberate and reasoned judgment of the two educational commissions who join in the appeal which this document makes to the people of the United States that the trend toward the Federalizing of education is one of the most dangerous on the current scene.

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The prediction was correct. An exceedingly generous program of educational benefits for the veterans was enacted and a postwar campaign was mounted to have the federal government provide general funding for education. President Truman became increasingly forceful in his advocacy of the educational subsidy bills introduced in 1948 and 1949, but he met his match in that legislative contest. Dr. Donald Cowling, the president emeritus of Carleton College, mobilized and coordinated a team of professors and university administrators, lawyers, clergy, and other prominent citizens who patiently and relentlessly explained to the Congress the damage which federal funding would do to the educational process. Their views prevailed.

It is instructive to review the arguments they offered. A particularly potent statement used in their campaign was taken from the annual report President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University made in 1921 to his Board of Trustees.

> It is now proposed to bureaucratize and to bring into conformity the educational system of the whole United States, while making the most solemn assurance that nothing of the kind is intended. The glory and successes of education in the United States are due to its freedom, to its unevenness, to its reflection of the needs and ambitions and capacities of local communities, and to its being kept in close and constant touch with the people themselves. . . .
>
> A school system that grows naturally in response to the needs and ambitions of a hundred thousand different localities, will be a better school system than any which can be imposed upon those localities by the aid of grants of public money from the federal treasury, accompanied by federal regulations, federal inspectors, federal reports, and federal uniformities.

This concern that the local community retain its sense of primary responsibility for the performance of the educational program was repeatedly stressed by the anti-federal aid spokesmen of the 1940's. Dr. W.C. Coffey, president emeritus of the University of Minnesota, wrote, "More than any other activity education calls for adaptation to local needs, and a sense of local responsibility for its successful prosecution. If the responsibility is placed elsewhere, democracy is unavoidably weakened at the grass roots."

Brown University's President Wriston wrote of the baleful impact which existing federal subsidies had already had upon vocational education under the Smith-Hughes Act. "The Hoover Commission showed one effect of subsidies had been to distort the structure of State departments of education and strongly to overbalance them in the matter of vocational education. It reported that 'Federal activities have discouraged rather than encouraged the assumption of educational leadership and initiative by State educational agencies.' . . . Of all the aspects of our education, the one which by common consent is in the least satisfactory repute is vocational education. The net adverse effect of Federal subsidy upon State and local responsibility did not appear immediately, but Federal dominance is an indirect and long-term consequence."

The Nobel laureate in physics, Robert A. Millikan, noted that federal funding not only undermines local control, it also corrupts the central government. "Local self-government in education is one of our most priceless American heritages. . . . It is the great safeguard against the malignant disease politely called patronage, better called political corruption, which is the chief device through which the party in power in Washington can, and to no small extent already does, seek to indoctrinate the public in the interests of the maintenance of its own power."

The principle of avoiding federal aid survived the Truman years and held firm until Sputnik was sent aloft on October 4, 1957. It is hard for people who did not live in the pre-satellite era to imagine the astonishment, awe, and fear which that first Russian orbiter inspired. The general public was easily persuaded that the Soviet Union was light-years ahead of the United States in technical and military knowledge. The solid resistance to federal involvement in educational funding was shattered by the advent of the space age. The clamor for federal action gave rise to crash programs in science, research, and foreign languages packaged with the highly palatable designation of the National Defense Education Act. The Act was passed; the old wisdom was jettisoned.

By 1961, the large outpouring of federal dollars was generally held to be so beneficial that further expansion of the federal role in educational support didn't need the justification of national defense. The Kennedy administration introduced bills to provide construction funds for college campuses and scholarship monies for students. Most of the testimony in the hearings on this legislation was favorable, but a corporal's guard of 29 private college presidents, hoping to repeat the success of the Cowling group, urged the Congress to vote down H.R. 8900 and S. 1241.

Although their effort received little more than polite inattention from the legislators, the arguments that were presented then, and in further statements of concern over the next two years, were based on observations of the damaging impact the prodigious infusion of Washington dollars was already having upon the educational system.

The following are passages from the initial statement from the 29 presidents to the Congress.

> Now the federal government proposes to advance from the provision of assistance in particular fields to a general outlay for all institutions of higher education in their building programs and in their scholarship funds. This transition from the particular to the general is a drastic change of national policy, and should not be undertaken without the most thorough evaluation of the consequences. We believe the destructive results will far outweigh the benefits. . . .
>
> At the present time the variety of sources of funds for colleges and universities reenforce the diversity of educational programs and educational philosophies among the various institutions. . . . It is generally agreed that the diversity of our educational institutions is a principal cause not only of

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the advanced state of educational services in the United States, but also of the vitality and success of our economy, our culture, and our political system. . . .

A provision of one bill, now before Congress, for instance, would make construction funds available to religious institutions, provided they are not spent for facilities in which religious activities take place. If enacted, this provision would make it necessary for any institution which begins the first morning class with prayer to change its program in order to qualify for the grants. . . .

As anticipated by those college presidents, religion was a casualty of the ever-growing dependency of American education upon the federal government. Given the separation of church and state, church had to move out as increasingly state moved in to the campuses. For example, the Catholic universities that had boards of trustees primarily composed of clergy were obliged to reconstitute those boards so that laymen were in the majority. At the pre-college level, textbooks have been drained of almost all meaningful references to religion, as revealed in the studies of Professor Paul Vitz. The full consequences of relegating religion to the periphery of the schooling process will not be known for some time, but one senses that the "Me Generation" is a natural product of an acculturation devoid of the Ten Commandments and other traditional religious standards of virtuous behavior.

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The conversion of American education from a locally-controlled to a federally-dependent system has served to advance the thrust of equality in America, which in some respects has been beneficial. But this change has been harmful to the behavior of the citizens toward one another.

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Another consequence of federal funding is the hastened and reenforced withdrawal of academic institutions from a concern with standards of individual behavior. In 1962, Harvard's President Pusey noted in his annual report that the enormous influx of new faculty members hired to conduct federally-funded research was having an unanticipated and disquieting impact upon the university. It seems that the new faculty members had become so numerous that they could outvote the professors who were experienced in, and wise about, the purposes, mores, virtues, and traditions of the university.

President Pusey may have foreseen that the ancient purposes of education would not survive the ultimate dominance of research on the campuses. In America until well into the 20th century, education was expected to train each new generation in the ideals of American society and to teach the young the obligations they must accept and the taboos they must observe so that those ideals could prevail. Gordon Chalmers, in summarizing his admirable volume of educational philosophy, *The Republic and the Person*, wrote that the object of education is moral maturity. That book, published not long before Sputnik, was widely acclaimed.

If students are to be imbued with these ideals, they must be convinced that certain things are good and contrary things are bad. Such a concept is alien, even anathema, to the mind fixed on research, which necessarily and wisely is conducted on the assumption that all points of view must be considered. Research, by its very nature, must be inclusive in its conduct. Education, if it is to socialize and acculturate the young, cannot accept the equal validity of all points of view. An ideal by definition is a concept of what is good.

It will be seen that the principle governing research has to a great extent supplanted the principle of educating for moral maturity. The consequence is a society that year by year is converting itself into a moral wasteland. Crime, AIDS, drug addiction, and other social pathologies multiply because of the moral paralysis created by the research viewpoint. Our society cannot bring itself to say to the user of illegal drugs, "That's a bad thing. You mustn't do it, and if you do, you will be punished." So we spend our effort finding ways to solve the problem indirectly by going after the traffickers of drugs. There must be no condemnation of the user. Research and education can coexist and provide mutual support on the same campus, but only if the different principles that apply to those two functions are understood, protected, and kept operative.

Alexis de Tocqueville concluded his *Democracy in America* with a prediction and a set of options. "The nations of our day cannot prevent conditions of equality from spreading in their midst. But it depends upon themselves whether equality is to lead to servitude or freedom, knowledge or barbarism, prosperity or wretchedness." The conversion of American education from a locally-controlled to a federally-dependent system has served to advance the thrust of equality in America, which in some respects has been beneficial. But this change has been harmful to the behavior of the citizens toward one another and to the viability of the institutions of society, for it has been aimed at the lowest common denominator of what is regarded as acceptable behavior.

Earlier generations of professional educators insisted that the control of education be lodged with the locality where, as with the family, the higher notions of what is good and right can be applied in the decisions regarding the young. It is, I believe, unlikely that religion would be excluded from education in the United States and homosexual safe sex would be taught in the classrooms if parents were voting on those matters.

Forty-four years ago the National Education Association and the American Council on Education warned the people against federally-funded schools and colleges. That admonition was eventually discarded in favor of what were judged to be considerations of larger import. This may have been a blunder. As America tries to redeem its system of schooling from the grossly unsatisfactory state into which it has fallen, the wisdom of the people who in earlier generations conducted a far more satisfactory program of education is worthy of careful study. ◈

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The Classroom at the Mall

by R.S. Gwynn

Some higher-up who deemed it would be good
For Learning (even better for P.R.)
To make the school "accessible to all"
Rented the shut-down bookstore at the Mall
A few steps from Poquito's Mexican Food
And Chocolate Chips Ahoy. So here we are—

Four housewives, several solemn student nurses,
Ms. Washington, well-dressed and very dark,
Pete Fontenot, who teaches high-school shop
And is besides a part-time private cop
Who leaves his .38 among the purses,
And I, not quite as thin as Chaucer's Clerk—

Met for our final class while Season's Greetings
Echo subliminally with calls to buy
Whatever this year's taste deems necessary
For Joy and Happiness. The Virgin Mary,
Set up outside to audit our last meetings,
Adores her infant with a glassy eye.

Invoke the Musak: hail to thee, World Lit!
Hail, Epic ("most of which was wrote in Greek")
And hail three hours deep in Dante's Hell
(The occupants of which no one could spell)—
As much as the tight schedule might admit
Of the Great Thoughts of Man—one dose per week.

I've lectured facing towards the esplanade
Through plate-glass windows on such irony
As Helen's face ("that launched a thousand ships")
Blooming with pimples from the chocolate chips.
Nobody got the joke. Rapt on a grade,
They put it in their notebooks. They face *me*.

One night near Hallowe'en I filled the board
with notes on *Faust*. A woman with blue hair
Stood writing at the window, looking in
And copying my scrawl with a tight grin
That threatened she'd be back with flaming sword
To corner me and Satan in our lair.

Tonight, though, all is calm. They take their quiz
While I sit calculating if I've made
Enough for the kids' presents. From my chair
I watch the Christmas window-shoppers stare
At what must seem a novelty, and is,
The Church of Reason in the Stalls of Trade.

Like the blond twins who press against the door,
Accompanied by footsore, pregnant Mummy,
Who tiredly spells out for them the reason
I am not price-tagged as befits the season,
Explaining what is sold in such a store
With nothing but this animated dummy

Who rises, takes the papers one by one
With warm assurances that all shall pass
Because "requirements have been met," because
I am an academic Santa Claus,
Because mild-mannered Pete's strapped on his gun.
Ms. Washington declares she has enjoyed the class:

"They had some thoughts, those old guys," she begins,
Then falters for the rest. And I agree
Because, for once, I've nothing left to say
And couldn't put it better anyway.
I pack the tests, gather my grading pens,
And fumble in my jacket for the key,

With time to shop and promises to keep
And no epiphany to end the tale
Except the drifting, circulating teens
With Daddy's plastic pulsing in their jeans
Who wander by in search of something cheap
Or something, surely, soon to go on sale.

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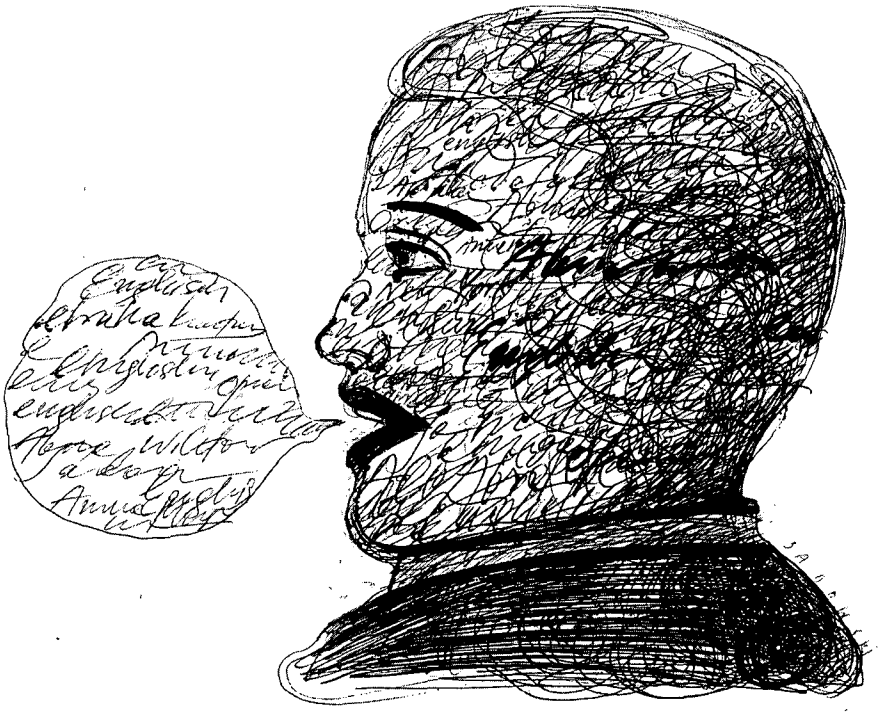

The Ethics of English

by Russell Kirk

"When a thing ceases to be a subject of controversy, it ceases to be a subject of interest."

—William Hazlitt

The Vocation of a Teacher: Rhetorical Occasions, 1967-1988
by Wayne C. Booth
Chicago: University of Chicago Press; 353 pp., $24.95

◆

The treason of the teacher of English: that is the principal subject of Professor Booth's discourses over two turbulent decades in the academy. Dr. Booth, a temperate rhetorician, does not call this dereliction of duty "treason." Yet he makes it clear that a great many college professors of English literature have cast aside the venerable discipline of rhetoric, the art of persuasion—preferably beautiful and just persuasion.

Russell Kirk lives in Mecosta, Michigan.

I find the most moving of his "Occasions" the fourth one, "To Warring Factions in an Up-to-Date 'English Department,'" a talk given at Syracuse University in 1987. Mr. Booth hopes that some beliefs are shared by most instructors of English literature:

> First, what we label with the catchall term 'English' is the most important of all college subjects. Some of us think it is most important because in our culture it is the major heir of a once-glorious liberal arts tradition. Call us the Ancients. Others of us think it is the most important because in our culture it is the standard-bearer of some new vision that is to replace the outward purposes and fixed canons of the past. Call us the Mods. Both groups are aware that because of the basic requirements and elective systems in most colleges and universities, our elementary courses are the only ones that all students will be touched by—if they are touched at all. If students are ever to obtain an education that will help them become the kind of persons we hope they'll be (note my highly general language: all the terms such as "liberal," "humane," "free," "creative," are suspect), if students are not to become simply shallow, self-satisfied, intellectually lifeless dogs in the great money-and-power machines offered by too much of the rest of the world, the transformation will occur in one of our courses.

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How true this passage is. Half a century ago, when I was an undergraduate, I perceived that the Department of English at Michigan State was carrying on almost the whole mission of a liberal education, abandoned by other disciplines. If English departments should be conquered by an inhumane "scholarly" specialization, or surrender to fantastic ideologies, I conjectured even then that we would be compelled to dance in what the American Humanists had called "a devil's sabbath of whirling machinery."

Just that has come to pass, on the great majority of campuses: arid specialization in literature, with consequent decay of good teaching; and on the other hand, often simultaneously, the bellicose ascendancy of deconstructionism—the maddest school of literary criticism ever conceived—feminism, revolutionary ideologies, and other anti-literary fads and foibles. This revolt against humane letters seems to have been carried farthest at Duke University (not mentioned by Booth), where professorial zealots for deconstructionism are recruited by salaries in excess of $100,000, and the oldest American literary journal, *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, has been captured by the innovators and converted into a journal of "gender and race."

Professor Booth, in this complex and sometimes subtle book, rejects the charge that the victory of the pseudo-teachers of English is not complete. (For that matter, even at Duke there survive Professor Grover Smith, the Eliot scholar, and some colleagues who obdurately resist the champions of literary nihilism.) In some matters an innovator in criticism himself, Booth does not mean to establish a hegemony of traditionalists; but he sets his face against the fantastics of "English" who have done their best to substitute their personal prejudices, whims, and resentments for the teaching of rhetoric.

He is grieved by the evaporation of reasonable discourse in the academy; by the barriers to intelligent communication that result from the degradation of rhetoric. Here he is on Jacques Derrida, so much admired by the votaries of the nihilistic school. First he quotes some sentences from the opening of one of Derrida's chapters:

> What about the voice within the logic of the supplement? Within that which should perhaps be called the "graphic" of the supplement?
>
> Within the chain of supplements, it was difficult to have separate writing from onanism. Those two supplements have in common at least the fact that they are dangerous. They transgress a prohibition and are experienced within culpability. But, by the economy of differance deliberately spelled with an "a," as a special term, they confirm the interdict they transgress, get around a danger, and reserve an expenditure.

Then Booth comments, "Now I have worked for about a decade to become comfortable with the recondite language in which that passage is written, and I think I sort of understand it. Unlike some of my more traditional colleagues, I am utterly convinced that it is *not* nonsense, though it is opaque somewhat—more so than in the original French. Still, if I were to study carefully the chapter that follows it and then write a summary, the chances are about ninety-nine to one that Derrida would *not* say of it, 'Bravo, you have understood.'"

Aye, rhetorical art no longer joins together even professors of English; and a host of charlatans or of sour haters of all received wisdom, with such as de Man and Derrida for their prophets, have dashed down the tenure track and stormed the citadel of humane letters.

Dr. Booth is seriously disturbed by all this. But his book will be read only by teachers of English: it would be incomprehensible to the serious reading public, and even to most university people. Its allusions, digressions, and sardonic passages will be understood within the Gothic walls of the University of Chicago, but perhaps only there. The very frame of the book makes the production eccentric: ephemeral mordant lectures, in part repetitious, set in small type.

This is a pity, for there occur in Booth's *Occasions* very keen perceptions; and Professor Booth is a scholar who earnestly believes that literature has an ethical end, that true rhetoric deserves vigorous defense, and that the very survival of our civilization depends upon the imagination, reason, and rhetoric that used to be imparted by competent teachers (as distinguished from abstract specialists). Yet, Dr. Booth's own rhetoric is impaired by the hard necessity of addressing undereducated and often hostile audiences of barbarous Ph.D.'s, who will tolerate cleverness in a speaker but not words of wisdom. One finishes the book with an impression of the author's ingenuity, rather than of his sagacity. But one forgives this, thinking of the mentality of America's advanced intelligentsia, whom Booth is endeavoring to persuade. There come to mind two lines from Kipling:

> Even in that certain hour before the fall,
> Unless men please they are not heard at all.

LIBERAL ARTS

A MORAL EDUCATION

> When apt and good words began to be neglected . . . then also began ill deeds to spring, strange manners to oppress good orders, new and fond opinions to strive with old and true doctrine, first in philosophy and after in religion, right judgment of all things to be perverted, and so virtue with learning is contemned and study left off.
>
> —*Roger Ascham*, The Scholemaster

> Ages are no more infallible than individuals.
>
> —*John Stuart Mill*, "On Liberty"

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Passion and Pedantry

by E. Christian Kopff

"Lord, what would they say
Did their Catullus walk this way?"
—W.B. Yeats

Gilbert Murray, OM. 1866-1957
by Sir Duncan Wilson
Oxford: Clarendon Press;
488 pp., $49.95

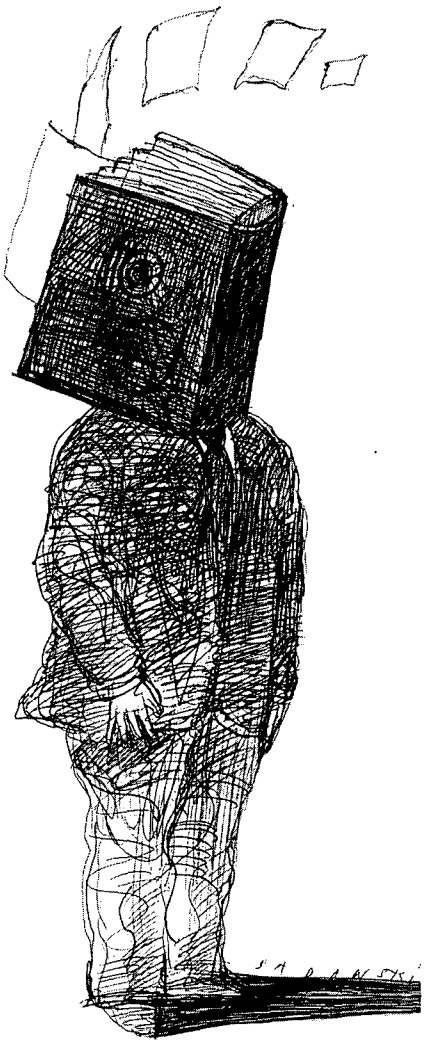
J.G. Frazer: His Life and Work
by Robert Ackerman
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press; 380 pp., $39.50

◆

William Butler Yeats's picture of the scholar is not a pretty one ("All cough in ink. All wear the carpet with their shoes.") and literature does not give us many scholarly heroes. Most literary pedants are like George Eliot's Casaubon; boring, impotent in the face of the real world, and, ultimately, not even a very good scholar. The rare positive image comes from popular entertainment—Van Helsing and Indiana Jones. Even as men of letters, few academics have any impact outside university circles.

It was different in the last Silver Age of Western civilization, before World War I. To take England and the field of classics, for example, it is easy to think of three men with solid scholarly reputations whose names were well known outside the groves of academe: A.E. Housman, Sir James George Frazer, and Gilbert Murray.

Of the three, Housman's work has stood up best. On either side of the Great War there was a popular frenzy for his poetry and there still remains a committed group of readers and reciters, some of whom, such as John Sparrow and Christopher Ricks, are distinguished critics. His scholarly writings and critical editions are still important for the subjects he worked on, and his prose is read with pleasure. His academic career was spotty. As an undergraduate at Oxford, he never won a prize for Latin verse composition and "was ploughed in Greats," that is, failed his final exams. After taking a pass degree, he won recognition by his published works and became professor of Latin first at London and then at Cambridge. Although he was a best-selling author and a political conservative, his career advanced on the basis of its objective merit. Feminists in classics boast that no similar figure could survive today.



Frazer won a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, after studying at Glasgow in his native Scotland. It was while holding a fellowship that he made his contributions to scholarship. Cambridge gave him no other academic honor, although he won a professorship at Liverpool, honorary degrees from Oxford and the Sorbonne, and a knighthood. (After World War I friends did establish the Frazer Lectureship at Cambridge.) He framed his career with long scholarly commentaries on lesser works of classical literature. He interrupted this work to produce the first edition of *The Golden Bough* in two volumes in 1890. The third edition appeared from 1911-1915 in 12 volumes. Both the first and third editions were reprinted as late as the 1970's, and the one-volume abridgment of 1922 was a best-seller. In his own day the combination of 18th-century pomposity and immense learning won him fame that reached popular adulation. The books, dissertations, and articles on Frazer's influence and "impact" have by no means exhausted the study of his significance. Stanley Edgar Hyman's *The Tangled Bank* (1956) ranks Frazer with Darwin, Marx, and Freud. In recent decades, some of the most creative scholars in the humanities are still citing and discussing Frazer, as one can see in Rene Girard's study of the scapegoat and Walter Burkert's work on ritual in Greek tragedy and mythology. (Robert Ackerman knows nothing of this, but instead tells us that "Not only are his answers superseded, but more important his questions likewise are no longer relevant.")

Gilbert Murray had a most spectacular academic career, winning prize after prize at his public school and at Oxford. Directly out of university, he was appointed to the chair of Greek at Glasgow because of his marvelous ability to compose Greek prose. He resigned after ten years, but in 1908 was appointed Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, which chair he held until 1936. His translations of Euripides were the standard English versions for the first half of the century. Before

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World War I he was a major figure in the theatrical cult of "Ibsenity." The figure of Adolphus Cusins in Shaw's *Major Barbara* is modeled on Murray. (His wife and mother-in-law appear as Barbara and her mother. Shaw jokingly called the play "Murray's Mother-in-Law.") His scholarly writing before the Great War was of international significance. After the war he headed the League of Nations Union, and his books and talks on the BBC continued to appear until his death. Both Frazer and Murray were awarded the Order of Merit. Housman turned it down.

The contemporary reader may well ask why three such creative figures chose to become what Ackerman calls "professional students of that least practical of subjects, classics." As Ackerman's own survey of the Cambridge examination system shows, knowledge of Greek and Latin was essential for anyone interested in an academic or religious career in 19th-century England. Greek was a prerequisite for study at Oxford until 1920. (Gilbert Murray sold out the pass to the modernists.) Apart from that historical reality, serious research in the humanities is impossible without a good knowledge of Greek and Latin (as I once heard Rene Girard tell a group of horror-struck students of comparative literature). The contemporary collapse of humanistic research is due not only to driving creative people out of the field, but also to denying them the essential education. Lacking not only Milton's education, but even Shakespeare's, a Frazer or a Housman, supposing that he did slip through the dragnet and land a position somewhere, could never accomplish what those men did.

Biographers of classical scholars rarely bother to develop a professional knowledge of "that least practical of subjects." Ackerman thinks that Frazer's commentary on Ovid's *Fasti* is more important than *The Golden Bough*, while Sir Duncan wants us to believe that Murray's small volume on *Four* (later *Five*) *Stages of Greek Religion* was more significant than his three-volume critical edition of Euripides or his book on Homer. There are also errors in details. There were two great German scholars who are important for Murray's life, Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff and Eduard Fraenkel. Sir Duncan dates Wilamowitz's death to 1929 instead of 1931, and tells us that Fraenkel was elected Corpus Professor of Latin Literature in 1934 when he fled Hitler's Germany, although he was "a young man who had not yet established an international reputation." By 1934 Fraenkel had written the most important book in this century on Plautus and Greek New Comedy, as well as the most intelligent review that Housman's work ever received. Instead of hating Fraenkel for the frank criticism mixed with the praise in the review, Housman wrote a letter to the Sunday *Times* on Fraenkel's appointment that should have silenced forever his jealous English detractors.

All three suffered from a common Victorian malady. They lost their faith in orthodox Christianity. Housman, the conservative, did not try to force his view on others. He even wrote a hymn to be sung at his own funeral. Frazer, on the contrary, early saw a mission to disabuse the world of superstition. *The Golden Bough*, in all three editions and abridgment, is a barely disguised polemic against Christianity. Frazer first explained his view of the study of comparative religions in his obituary of his best friend, the great Semiticist Robertson Smith. The comparative method, Frazer explains, "proves that many religious doctrines and practices are based on primitive conceptions which most civilized and educated men have long agreed in abandoning as mistaken. From this it is a natural and often a probable inference that doctrines so based are false, and that practices so based are foolish." Ackerman expresses amazement that Frazer would use the death of his best friend as an excuse for religious polemic, especially since this view of the comparative method was not that of Smith himself. Frazer, however, was a man obsessed. The world of *The Golden Bough* is full of mythical heroes who died for their people and rose again to kingship and divinity. Frazer's attempt in the second edition to prove that the passion of Jesus was a misinterpretation by early Christians of a Passover ritual was one of his most catastrophic scholarly hypotheses. After it was thoroughly refuted even to his satisfaction, he reprinted it in the third edition as an example of the kind of thing that *might* have happened. His revolt against his Scottish evangelical background would not let go of him. He could not help himself.

The same motif plays through the popular and scholarly writings of Gilbert Murray. Even his major scholarly work, *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, has as minor chord an attack on Christian scriptures. His appointment to the Regius chair kept him from delivering the Gifford Lectures on religion, but we know that he intended to explain his "profound belief in ethics and disbelief in all revelational religions." As late as 1940 he was reprinting his World War I attacks on Christianity and defense of paganism, especially Stoicism.

Frazer and Murray were important forces for convincing educated people that ethics and progress could survive without the accidental historical garb of Christianity. Then came the Great War and its aftermath. They had a chance to see how long-lasting and influential ethics were now that their religious foundations had been undermined. The effects of enlightenment were clear on all sides: England and France's cynical alliance with the brutal Russian state against Germany, Germany's reckless invasion of Belgium, the use of poisonous gas by both sides. Murray wrote British war propaganda for what he called the "Mendacity Bureau" until his hero Grey fell before Lloyd George. The collapse of prewar liberal dreams hit home, slowly but surely. Housman had never been fooled. As early as 1900 he had written to Murray, "I rather doubt if man really has much to gain by substituting peace for strife, as you and Jesus Christ recommend." He foresaw a decadence in which the burdens of peace would weigh as heavy as the travails of war. While predicting accurately the decadence of the 20's, even Housman did not foretell the atrocities that came in 1914.

By 1933 Frazer had finally realized what was happening, and he spoke out in an essay on his youthful hero Condorcet:

> The words of fiery eloquence in which Edmund Burke, the wisest of political thinkers, branded the Jacobins of his day are applicable, with hardly a change but that of names, to

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> the Bolsheviks of our day. In Russia of today, as in France of the day before yesterday, we see the same systematic and determined attacks on those institutions which hitherto have been regarded as the very pillars of civilised society; I mean the institutions of private property, the family, and religion.

Religion, which was false doctrine and foolish practice in 1894, is now a pillar of civilized society. In his obituary of Robertson Smith, Frazer had predicted that insofar as our ethics rest on religious or theological foundations, the unsettling of those foundations would "call for a reconsideration of the speculative basis of ethics." He had not then thought of the practical ramifications of this reconsideration. Ackerman reports the quotation I have given as "Altogether it seemed as if Europe in the 1930's resembled France in the 1790's, with only a change of names needed to make Burke's anti-Jacobin tirades directly applicable to Soviet communism." A biographer who can translate the phrase, "The words of fiery eloquence in which Edmund Burke, wisest of political thinkers" into "Burke's anti-Jacobin tirades" is not likely to be reliable in other interpretations.

Frazer seems to have changed his mind about religion in his old age (Hyman in *The Tangled Bank* asserts that Frazer became a Christian Unitarian late in life). We know he changed it in his youth. Both events are missed by Ackerman. In his last decade, Frazer wrote a touching memoir of his parents which is all praise and nostalgia. This leads Ackerman to assert that Frazer, who came from a strongly Evangelical family, never underwent "that characteristically Victorian experience of 'deconversion,' thereby disavowing their families and their religious upbringings by identifying them with ignorance, superstition, hypocrisy, and the dead hand of the past." Ackerman's evidence is the memoir, written in the 1930's, and Frazer's habit of spending his vacations with his family in Scotland. The contrary evidence is volume after volume Frazer wrote identifying the religion of his family with ignorance, superstition, hypocrisy, and the dead hand of the past.

Murray may have changed, too. But neither biographer really shows us their heroes' facing up to the effects of their irreligion and progressivism. It is as if a life of H.G. Wells left out his last book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether*. In the days before the Great War, the future seemed so bright. The force of liberal public opinion made "old wrong melt down, as if it were wax in the sun's rays." "O but we dreamed to mend whatever mischief seemed to afflict mankind"—superstition, hard liquor, and the German emperor. If people would only turn away from revelational religion and devote themselves to ethics and science, the world would soon be perfect. "We fed the heart on fantasies," Yeats wrote about that age. "The heart's grown brutal from the fare." Housman, too, was skeptical about the future, but even he never dreamed what nightmares were in store for a Europe that so easily gave up its Christian heritage. Gilbert Murray and J.G. Frazer learned their lessons too late. We who read their lives may understand and even forgive, but we should not pity them. I say unto you, they have their reward.

September Fruit

by Floyd Skloot

This autumn my daughter discovered plums.
She found pineapples, figs and blackberries,
learned to savor the pleasure that comes
from such summer fruit as sour cherries
in late September. I saw her eyes turn
inward, closing round a vision of lush
casaba. Soon she grew her thick auburn
hair longer. She began to love the hush

of held breath as her body welcomed new
tastes, risking flame tokays and tangerines.
I saw there was little for me to do
but stock apples and pears too. At fifteen,
she felt the world become hers to harvest,
welcoming each new flavor as though blessed.

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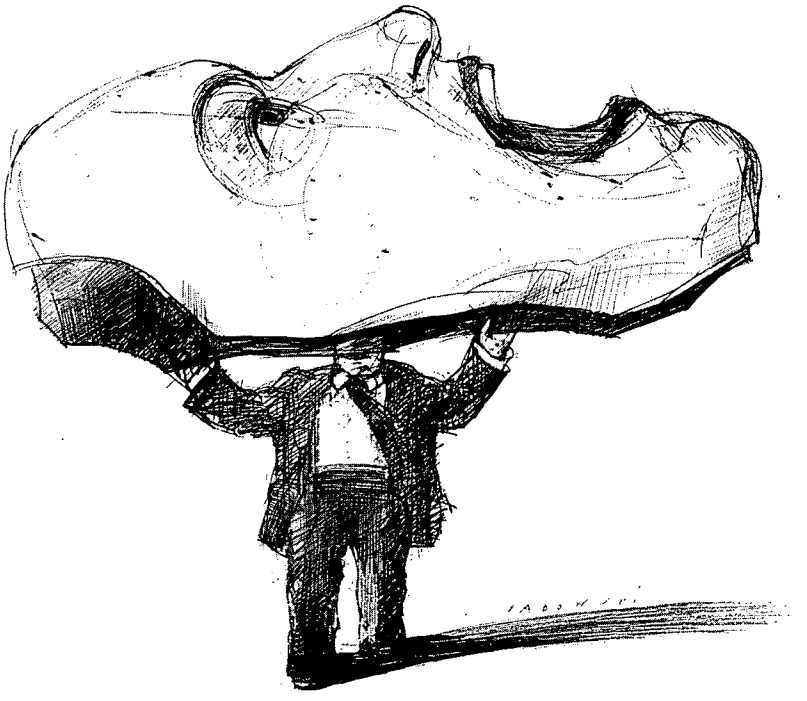
As We Go Marching

by Samuel Francis

". . . Your tragic quality
Required the huge delusion of some major purpose to
produce it.
What, that the God of the stars needed your help?"
—Robinson Jeffers, "Woodrow Wilson"



The Democratic Imperative: Exporting the American Revolution
by Gregory A. Fossedal
New York: Basic Books;
293 pp., $19.95

"When a term has become so universally sanctified as 'democracy' now is," wrote T.S. Eliot in 1939, "I begin to wonder whether it means anything, in meaning too many things: it has arrived perhaps at the position of a Merovingian Emperor, and wherever it is invoked, one begins to look for the Major of the Palace. . . . If anybody ever attacked democracy, I might discover what the word meant."

If Eliot could read Gregory A. Fossedal's *The Democratic Imperative*, he would remain as mystified today as he was 50 years ago. Mr. Fossedal certainly does not attack democracy, and his response to the classical criticism of it is cursory. He dismisses this criticism in two pages, quoting no less an authority than H.G. Wells to show that "Aristotle would have enjoyed the electoral methods of our modern democracies keenly." But if Mr. Fossedal does not reveal the meaning of democracy by attacking it, neither does he clarify it by any precise definition. Not until the end of the second chapter does it occur to him that some clarification of what he has been and will be talking about throughout his book might be called for. Although he is content to relegate his definition to a long footnote, the passage merits quotation at length and consideration in depth.

> In this book, the term ["democracy"] refers to a political system run by leaders chosen in periodic elections open to general participation and free debate. These leaders serve a government of limited powers, with certain rights such as free speech, a fair trial to those accused of serious crimes, and so on, the denial of which is beyond the state's reach. It is assumed that with those rights intact, voters will be able to choose the optimal arrangements for, say, economic freedom.

This crucial footnote continues for most of the page with further distinctions and elaborations, but neither there nor elsewhere does Mr. Fossedal tell us what certain key elements of his definition mean. How "general" does participation have to be before a nondemocratic system becomes democratic? What are "free debate," "free speech," and a "fair trial"? What is "and so on"? The content and meaning of such terms are so variously interpreted in the United States and other countries that

Samuel Francis is deputy editorial page editor of The Washington Times.

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reliance on them for defining a word such as "democracy" is not helpful. Moreover, it is odd that Mr. Fossedal nowhere specifically includes in his understanding of democracy the element of opposition, though the right or power of opposition to an incumbent set of rulers is essential to most Western ideas of freedom.

In the second paragraph of this footnote, Mr. Fossedal tells us that "For the purposes of this book, where an advance of economic or civil freedom occurs, even without the function of a representative body, it will be equated with an advance of 'democracy.'" But in the next paragraph he says he "will not be offended if readers mentally scribble in the word 'representative' before the word 'democracy' wherever it appears throughout most of the book." Thus, we are to assume that Mr. Fossedal's democracy is representative, even when there is no representation.

To clarify further what he means, Mr. Fossedal has appended to his book three world maps for the years 1875, 1935, and 1988 to show the ebb and flow of democracy across the globe, rather like those old advertisements for Sherman's paint. The first map shows Panama and Yugoslavia as nondemocracies, though neither state existed in 1875. It also shows the whole of the continental United States in 1875 as simply "democratic," but the US territory of Alaska is only "partly democratic," though much of the Western part of the country then enjoyed precisely the same legal and political status as Alaska. Great Britain also is shown as completely democratic in 1875, though its electorate was still strictly limited according to economic class and excluded about 80 percent of the adult males and all women, and its landed aristocracy, established church, and hereditary monarchy and House of Lords were then far more powerful than they are today. In the American "democracy" of 1875, universal suffrage for white males existed in all states, though it was not mandated by the Constitution, and women, blacks, and Indians were not guaranteed the vote. States determined for themselves who voted, senators were not popularly elected, and direct primaries were virtually unknown. Few reactionaries today would be unhappy with this degree of democracy.

The map for 1988 tells us that Taiwan and mainland China belong in the same category of "partly democratic," which is a step ahead of South Africa, communist Ethiopia, Angola, and Mozambique, all of which are "undemocratic." Zimbabwe also is classed as "undemocratic," though on p. 203 Mr. Fossedal refers to it as a "one-party democracy." Japan and India are democracies according to the map, while Mexico is only partly so. In all three countries, however, there are universal suffrage, more or less free debate, and regular elections, though single parties have dominated their governments for so long that formal rights of opposition are somewhat academic. The reader will be happy to learn that Alaska, still only "partly democratic" even in 1935, has by 1988 mastered whatever examinations Mr. Fossedal put to it and taken its degree as a full democracy.

Whatever democracy is and wherever it might be, Mr. Fossedal's book is devoted to the thesis that its development everywhere in the world should be the main (perhaps the only) goal of American foreign policy. The bulk of his volume expounds how this goal may be pursued—through propaganda by the broadcasting facilities of the US government and education by the National Endowment for Democracy, through support for guerrilla forces, and through international economic policies. Mr. Fossedal begins his book with a salute to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade as "an active American attempt to extend democracy beyond its own shores." Unfortunately, as he acknowledges, the naïfs of the Brigade soon met the Majors of the Palace in the shape of the Comintern agents who ran the Brigade and used it to try to subvert Spain on behalf of Joseph Stalin. More fortunately, freedom in Spain was saved by the very undemocratic Gen. Franco, who knew political fraudulence when he saw it. However, the support of Communist fronts does not seem to perturb Mr. Fossedal, since he later writes that "the United States should have considered support for the African National Congress as early as 1983," despite the control of the ANC and its terrorism by the Soviet Union and the South African Communist Party. Even if all the members of the ANC were devoted readers of *Human Events*, to support an armed insurgency in another country is an act of war. It does not occur to Mr. Fossedal that what he is contemplating is unprovoked aggression against a state that has never threatened the United States and in fact has been its loyal supporter since World War II.

Instead of spending his energies in the study of how the United States could export democracy, Mr. Fossedal might have been better advised to have concentrated on pondering three fundamental questions, affirmative answers to which appear to be largely unexamined presuppositions of his book.

First, he might have asked whether democracy is an intrinsically good form of government. If the contemporary United States is the model of democracy, the answer is not self-evident. The expansion of the franchise in the United States has occurred in tandem with the enlargement and centralization of the state, with reliance on socialist economic policies, and with the systematic use of concentrated power to uproot social institutions and classes, cultural patterns, and local and regional pluralism. Despite the vast technological and economic resources of the United States, American democracy is only marginally able to protect its citizens and interests abroad and seems utterly incompetent to enforce minimal standards of order at home. The criminal corruption of officeholders—in Congress, the executive branch, and in many urban and state governments—is commonplace, but corruption in the broader sense of the use of public power for private ends, ideological or material, is so routine that it has become an acknowledged part of our government.

These disadvantages might be bearable if democratization were accompanied by an enlarged control of governmental power at the popular level, but this does not seem to be the case. Despite universal suffrage, increased openness in government, and more active participation in some public forums, American democracy is governed largely by a permanent and only partially visible elite of bureaucrats, managers, advisers, staff aides, technicians, and clerks, whose role in decision making is seldom disclosed, whose power is never subjected to popular judgment, and whose ability to subvert, co-opt, or deflect even the most intrepid reformers

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seems virtually invincible. Even in popular elections, the dependence of candidates and parties on massive amounts of money and the arts of political manipulation serves not to enhance popular control but to avoid it, leading to what liberal journalist Sidney Blumenthal has called "the engineering of consent with a vengeance."

It may be that there is no necessary connection between the forms and processes of American democracy and these obvious flaws of the current political order, though their historical conjunction suggests that there may well be a connection. In any case, Mr. Fossedal does not consider the question.

Secondly, Mr. Fossedal might have asked, assuming that it is a good or desirable form of government, whether democracy is possible in various non-Western or nonmodern states and societies. His assumption, again, is affirmative, based in large part on a wave of democratic movements of the 1980's in such societies as the Philippines, South Korea, and several Latin American states. Yet he conducts no serious analysis of this trend, its causes, its capacities for success, or its possible consequences. While Mr. Fossedal recognizes the connections between economic strength and a stable liberal democracy, he tends to neglect other preconditions such as a high degree of literacy, a stable infrastructure of governmental control, a national consensus shared by all parts of the population, and (perhaps most important) a cultural tradition that includes the many presuppositions about power and its uses characteristic of Western society. Mr. Fossedal does not sufficiently reflect upon the fact that Western democracy is less the product of "natural rights" than of several centuries of evolution within a particular civilization that recognizes and rewards individuality and opposition to a far greater degree than Oriental, African, and Islamic cultures do. Such concepts as a "loyal opposition," a public rather than a dynastic or patrimonial idea of political office, a distinction between secular and religious authority, the legitimacy of political involvement by subordinate social groups, the effectiveness of voting, a national rather than a tribal, feudal, or sectarian identity, and the willingness of those who control the instruments of force to abide by noncoercive political decisions—all are basic to Western ideas of modern democracy but may not pertain in many non-Western or premodern societies and may not be exportable in the same way that Coca-Cola is.

Mr. Fossedal does not consider the argument that Latin America seems to undergo cycles of democracy and dictatorship at intervals of every 30 years. He never mentions the classic case of the Weimar Republic, in which a society utterly unprepared for democracy voted itself into dictatorship. He never discusses the concept of "totalitarian democracy," in which mass participation is manipulated to represent the General Will, the *Volk*, the proletariat, the People, or other abstractions useful to modern tyrants. Nor does he deal with the argument that democratic movements in many Third World societies may be the expressions of relatively new, modernized elites of intellectuals and technocrats alienated from traditional ruling classes of clergy, landowners, and military and who may seek to use democracy as a means of displacing the older elites and seizing power for themselves. Such new classes in Third World states, as Barry Rubin has argued, can easily form the social base of modern dictatorships rather than democracy. It may be that democracy is indeed on the march across the globe, but Mr. Fossedal does not consider the alternatives sufficiently to persuade us.

Thirdly, Mr. Fossedal does not deal at all adequately with the question of whether the export or development of democracy is compatible with American national interests. Given the way in which he defines "national interest," however, he manages to give a quick and easy affirmative answer to this question as well.

"The purpose of American foreign policy," he writes, "cannot be explained without first answering a prior question: What is the purpose of the American government? To know what we are for in the world, we must know what we are for at home. . . . The goal, as our framers put it, is to secure the rights of mankind." Mr. Fossedal goes so far as to

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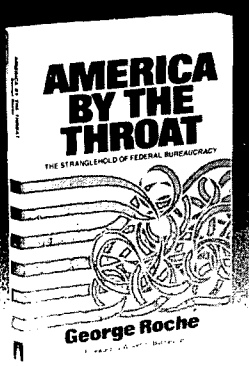
by George Roche



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suggest that anyone who doubts that the purpose of our foreign policy is to promote the "rights of man" is un-American—"To argue against a foreign policy to promote the rights of man, then, is to argue against the rights themselves, and thus against our own institutions"—and he relies on the equality clause of the Declaration of Independence to justify his interpretation of America's purpose.

We have been through all this before, but let us rehearse it briefly once again. The Declaration says nothing about the "purpose" of the US or any other government. It is not even a charter of government, but a proclamation of national independence and a catalogue of the abuses of power that justified the act of separation. The real purposes or goals of the US government are quite clearly spelled out in the Preamble of the US Constitution, and they say nothing about equality, human rights, or even foreign policy. The Constitution did not establish the political equality of individual citizens, and its toleration of slavery, the nonenfranchisement of blacks in most nonslave states, the diversity of state political practices, and the indirect election of senators and the President would seem to contradict the Straussian-Jaffa-Kesler interpretation of the American political tradition that Mr. Fossedal endorses.

From the false premise that the "rights of man" are the goal of the US government Mr. Fossedal draws the non sequitur that the same goal and purpose must animate our foreign policy. It is at this point that his book ceases to be merely frivolous and becomes dangerous. Other possible goals of foreign policy—national independence, territorial security, economic prosperity, and the physical protection of our own citizens and their property, rights, and interests at home and abroad—simply are not encompassed within Mr. Fossedal's goals. Indeed, it is possible that a good many of our legitimate national interests would be transgressed by Mr. Fossedal's foreign policy. Treaties with nondemocratic governments, private business contracts enforced by them, and geopolitically necessary alliances with them might all be jeopardized by the democratically elected regimes that replace them. The genuine democratization of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, for example, would almost certainly transform world power relationships and perhaps lead to the disintegration of the USSR and even to protracted warfare in Europe, Western Asia, and the Far East. "Majority rule" in South Africa almost certainly would result in an anti-Western (and probably brutally racist) government oriented toward the Soviet Union and toward a control of the sea routes and vast mineral resources of southern Africa. The democratization of Saudi Arabia or other Persian Gulf states could lead to radical Islamic and anti-Western regimes that could jeopardize oil flows to the West. The democratization of Greece has already led to the most anti-American government in Europe, and the democratization of Spain has endangered our military bases there. The democratization of the Philippines has led to the doubling of the communist insurgency there, to increased political corruption and anti-Americanism, and also to endangerment of our bases.

Mr. Fossedal's division of the world into "democracies" and nondemocracies proceeds from an abstraction that bears no relationship to concrete US interests or to what the United States must do to protect those interests. It lumps pro-American governments such as those of South Africa and Chile in the same camp as enemies like Cuba and the Soviet Union. It puts close allies such as Great Britain in the same camp as uncooperative governments like India. It puts irrelevant states such as Botswana on the same level as states like Japan. The fact is that democracy/nondemocracy is simply not a useful standard by which to govern our foreign policy. It obscures or ignores too many other significant variables to offer a reliable guide to evaluating our interests or knowing how to pursue them.

One of the persistent flaws of Mr. Fossedal's book is his confusion of democracy with liberal government, though F.A. Hayek in *The Constitution of Liberty* long ago clearly distinguished them: "Liberalism is a doctrine about what the law ought to be, democracy a doctrine about the manner of determining what will be the law." As Hayek (and many others) noted, there is no necessary connection between liberalism and democracy, and in fact liberal government was secured in England and the United States in the 18th and 19th centuries well before the advent of democracy. The growth of democracy, as noted above, is historically associated with the

LIBERAL ARTS

GOOD CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, REJOICE?

Some tidbits from the new Methodist hymnal: "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," those militaristic favorites, remain, only because when news leaked out three years ago that the hymnals' editors were going to drop those songs, thousands of letters poured in to protest. Nevertheless the hymnal has been bowdlerized and gone the way of the Episcopalian and Lutheran hymnals before it. "White" is out, as it's unjust to equate sinlessness with a color: in the hymn "Nothing But the Blood of Jesus" the line now reads, "make me as bright as snow." Not even Methodist founder John Wesley's brother, Charles, is exempt from these tireless editors: a line in his hymn "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing" that refers to "ye deaf," "ye dumb," "ye blind," and "ye lame" gets a little asterisk and the comment below, "May be omitted." God still gets to be Our Father but "Him" is out, as are "men" and "brothers" and "sons." As the newspapers are reporting this, on women's issues the hymnal is striking a "middle ground." After all, the hymn "Strong Mother God" was rejected by the editors.

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diminution of liberal government.

Yet one of the characteristic beliefs of the modern democratic left has been that democracy is essential for the protection of liberal government. Mr. Fossedal adheres to this belief and states it explicitly: "It may be possible that other forms of government would satisfy the rights of man, but practical human experience suggests that certain institutions are needed for government to respect those rights consistently." Among the institutions he suggests are elections, constitutions, and divisions of powers, though the latter two are properly liberal rather than democratic institutions. In any case, his statement is simply erroneous.

It is a fallacy of both the liberal and the democratic mind that a set of formal procedures, by itself, will protect freedom. A more realistic view has long recognized that while certain procedures can help protect freedom under some circumstances, in other circumstances they only endanger it. This is why the case of the Weimar Republic, which enjoyed the formal procedures of liberalism and democracy, is classic. The procedures and forms of liberalism, democracy, or any other constitutional type must reflect a balance of power among significant social forces—e.g., rural versus urban, business versus labor, religion versus secular authority, class versus class, region versus region—if they are to institutionalize real freedom and social diversity and enhance the level of civilization. The existence of this kind of balance may be formalized through legal and political procedures, but it can exist independently of them as well, and while clear and stable procedures are helpful in institutionalizing the balance of social forces, it is the substance and not the form that is important. Statesmen should design the forms to reflect the substance, as *The Federalist* recognized, and not try to engineer the substance to fit forms derived from "natural rights" or other abstractions. Like the man who believes that milk comes from supermarkets rather than from the careful civilization of cows, liberals and democrats believe that freedom comes from the procedures themselves; they fail to recognize, as Hayek does, that "freedom is not a state of nature but an artifact of civilization."

Moreover, if this kind of pluralism is not to degenerate into an anarchical factionalism, it must be limited by common acceptance of a social myth that at least implicitly defines the ends of the public order and the legitimate means by which they may be pursued. Mr. Fossedal's "natural" or "human" rights provide one such myth that has proved useful to certain groups aspiring to power throughout modern history, but the universalism of this myth tends to ignore or even undermine the particular cultural framework and social balances necessary for the preservation of concrete freedom. In any case, whether this distinctly post-Christian, Western myth exerts any enduring appeal to non-Western cultures is a question Mr. Fossedal never explores seriously.

Mr. Fossedal's prolonged ode to global democracy is characteristic of the neoconservative-social democrat-Straussian-"progressive conservative" school of political thought that now seems to prevail on the mainstream American right. Both his text and his acknowledgments are filled with quotations from the exponents of this movement and expressions of gratitude to them. The chief goal of this movement seems not to be a serious exploration of and challenge to the presuppositions of the dominant American political culture, but rather the pursuit of its own political and cultural power. Hence, it is content to adapt prevailing liberal humanist presuppositions to its own purposes and avoids expressing any thought (or tolerating expressions by anyone else) that might offend, threaten, or frighten our own Majors of the Palace who guard the public discourse. To challenge the dominant presuppositions would mean isolation from the mainstream of political debate that these presuppositions define and would make the quest for power far more difficult. The result has been the intellectual impoverishment of the American right, the emasculation of a genuinely radical conservatism, and its replacement by bubble-talk and sophomoric cant more suitable for the Boy Scout Jamboree than for consideration by grown men and women concerned with the prospects of their civic culture. Mr. Fossedal's contribution to the body of thought and scholarship produced by this movement is no doubt destined to find a place as one of its classic expressions. ◈

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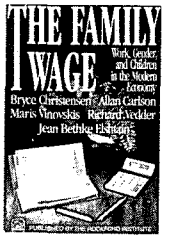

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The Politics of a Death

by Donald W. Treadgold

Stalin and the Kirov Murder
by Robert Conquest
New York: Oxford University Press; 164 pp., $16.95

◆

It is difficult to think of a case comparable to the murder of Sergei Mironovich Kirov. Here one of the top leaders of a great country was killed—most probably by the wish of the supreme dictator, the murder being used as full or partial justification for the arrest, torture, exile, or execution of many, then thousands, and finally millions of men and women charged with some guilt relating to that deed. To be sure, there seem to have been other cases where a highly placed Soviet leader was killed, or his death hastened, by Stalin's initiative, and then posthumously praised or in effect canonized. But none of those cases involved the kind of large-scale false accusation of murder, or conspiracy to murder, that Kirov's death set off. This episode has a grisly uniqueness.

Such is a possible justification for Conquest's latest book. He has earned the title of our premier Kremlinologist, both in terms of his careful methods of handling evidence and the amazing quantity of his publications. Conquest states his opinion of this case in the preface: that "Stalin's guilt is scarcely in doubt," but that the final verification and official Soviet condemnation of Stalin for the murder of Kirov (which he expected might precede appearance of the book) would still be welcome.

Kirov, born Kostrikov in the Vyatka region of northern Russia, was studying to be a mechanic in nearby Kazan when he met some radical students from the local university and began to print leaflets for them. Next he spent time in Tomsk in western Siberia, where he joined the Social Democratic Party and was elected to the party committee. Active during the Revolution of 1905, he was arrested and served three years in prison; after his release in 1909 he went to Vladikavkaz in the Caucasus, changed his name to Kirov, and married a girl whose sister was a Bolshevik. When the Bolsheviks organized a party separate from other Social Democrats in 1912, Kirov was among them. In October 1917 he was a delegate from the Caucasus to the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets, and then took a leading role in the Bolshevik recapture of the Caucasus, including the savage conquest of independent and democratic Georgia. In 1926 he was named candidate member of the Politburo and became First Secretary of Leningrad's provincial party committee.

Despite showing occasional signs of moderation, Kirov remained a hard-line, tough-minded henchman of Stalin through the ghastly years of collectivization and all-out industrialization from 1929 to 1933. But by February 1934, at the XVII Congress of the Communist Party, the atmosphere of internal struggle and sacrifice was passing. Some highly-placed party members were horrified by what they had seen or knew had been done to the peasantry and wished to dethrone its author; others believed that Stalin had been the best person to lead the violent and merciless campaign that had now slackened, but that a less brutal person, a conciliator, was now needed in the seat of power. A number of leading Communists approached Kirov with a proposal that he replace Stalin as General Secretary—the position that Stalin had made the focal point of the dictatorship. Kirov declined, declaring—quite plausibly—that the entire policy of the party would be thrown into question if such a move was made. Nevertheless, nearly 300 (out of 1,966) delegates at the Congress voted for Kirov and against Stalin even for Central Committee membership (let alone dictator). Stalin, however, would have his revenge; as Khrushchev revealed in his secret speech of 1956, 1,108 out of the 1,966 delegates were later shot.

Stalin, who was aware of the group that opposed his leadership, then asked Kirov to come to Moscow. Kirov refused, and it was agreed that he could remain in Leningrad until 1938. There he remained, the obvious choice for any conspiratorial or democratic effort to replace Stalin. In September 1934, Stalin sent him to Kazakhstan, which had suffered grievously during collectivization, to bring in the harvest; there he had a car accident, which some have thought a first assassination attempt. Kirov attended a plenum of the Central Committee in Moscow in November, returned to Leningrad and was shot on December 1, 1934. The actual assassin was Leonid Nikolayev, an unemployed party member who suffered from both physical and psychological weaknesses. What happened next defies the imagination. Stalin and others immediately went to Leningrad to "investigate." By March from 60,000 to 100,000 people had been seized and deported from Leningrad, and one did not need to have had the remotest connection with Kirov or the Leningrad leadership to be arrested. Zinoviev and Kamenev, who had been two of the most highly placed Bolsheviks, were arrested, released, rearrested, given a trial in January 1935, sentenced to ten and five years respectively, retried publicly in August 1936, and executed. The Western reaction to the public trial was mixed, but many found it plausible that Zinoviev and Kamenev had connived in the assassination.

The final—or perhaps the penultimate—chapter of this story lies in the gradual but mounting suspicion that the culprit was none of those who had been in the dock, but Stalin himself. It was Trotsky (safely abroad until 1940, when one of Stalin's agents sank an axe into his skull) who first hinted and in October 1936 charged that Stalin was responsible, though he thought Stalin had intended to prevent the deed at the last moment and then proceed against the oppositionists. While Khrushchev came close in his secret speech to labeling Stalin as the guilty party, he drew back,

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and did not refer to the Kirov murder in his memoirs. Since then Roy Medvedev has declared Stalin's guilt "almost proved" and Fyodor Burlatsky, writing in a collective volume entitled *Proryv* (1988), declared outright that Kirov was removed by Stalin. (The English translation, *Breakthrough*, published in New York by Walker, has merely that Kirov and others "were executed" without saying by whom.)

Reviewing Ulam's novel in *The New Republic* (July 18, 1988), Walter Laqueur writes that the search for a motive for the killing by Stalin is "not likely to lead to any conclusive truth," since Stalin later killed many of his allies and supporters. I do not find this logic compelling. Stalin thought he faced a possibly imminent danger of being replaced by Kirov and wanted him out of the way—on that there can be no doubt. That he thereupon sought to arrange the murder of his possible rival and succeeded in so doing seems almost as certain. Perhaps the Soviets will offer us certainty in the months and years to come. In the meantime, Conquest has given us all of the story at present available, and he has done so objectively, fairly, and carefully.

Donald Treadgold is a professor of Russian history at the University of Washington.

Wild About Budapest

by Paul T. Hornak

Budapest 1900
by John Lukacs
New York: Weidenfeld & Nicolson;
225 pp., $20.95

◆

Come down the Danube through a "painters' paradise" of low hills, past a "bosky island," around a bend where suddenly the spires and parapets and bustling quays spread before you "in a pearly, blue-gray light." Glimpse the Royal Castle, its cupola "studded with stony warts, a suggestion of an old Magyar warrior's semibarbaric helmet." Debark at the promenade, check your bags at the Hungaria, and take the subway ("an inimitable smell of varnished wood and of the ozone of direct-current electricity") out Andrássy Avenue—an East European Champs-Elysées—to the park and the zoo. Or rub elbows with *artistes* at the Japan coffeehouse. In the Inner City breathe the "fresh cool paper-smell and warm burnt coffee-smell, occasionally enriched by a whiff of lilac water." Or swim at St. Luke's Baths, "the salty smells of steam and cabin-wood mixing with the pleasantly bitter odor of freshly tapped beer." If it is winter, try the Skating Club, where the clubhouse is "warm as an oven . . . reeking of oiled leather, coal-smoke and . . . melted ice." Chances are it's winter, for "winters came earlier than they come now. They were colder and snowier." But then, you are in "a city of distinct anticipation and of distinct seasons, more distinct than now." This is turn-of-the-century Budapest, and your guide is John Lukacs.

It was R.G. Collingwood who speculated that a historian could reexperience Caesar's thoughts by careful scholarly concentration; is Lukacs, by concentrated description, replaying the pleasures of a vanished time? "*Budapest 1900* was not inspired by nostalgia," he curtly states. And later: "We must watch for the symptoms of an uncritical and, therefore, unhistorical nostalgia."

Then the book is, perhaps, about the city's phenomenal transformation after the 1867 compromise with Vienna. In the empire revived under the name Austria-Hungary, Hungary got the long leash it fought for in Kossuth's revolution of 1848, and Budapest went from sleepy cow town to thriving metropolis in 30 years. By 1900, 733,000 people lived in the place, the very name of which impressed a contemporary correspondent as "big with the future." Uprooted by land reform, peasants poured in from the countryside, while their former feudal lords struggled to pay taxes for the first time in the country's history. Business boomed. The middle classes burgeoned, and with them came democracy. Hungary's Parliament building was the world's largest.

But it was populated by loudmouths, scoundrels, and plain ignoramuses: by 1901 the Catholic People's Party proposed a stiff tax on stock transactions. A respected literatus proclaimed: "Free competition is a fraud." Anti-Semitic and pro-"Christian" sentiments sprang up in tandem with a redneck nationalism; intellectuals looked not to laid-back Vienna of the doddering Habsburgs, but to Germany. Yet "this is not a political history of Budapest, let alone of Hungary," warns our author.

Just what is it? Well, a sometimes pleasing, sometimes exasperating cross between a coffee-table book and a chamber of commerce commemorative. Only don't expect Lukacs to say so. "The theme of this book is not the history of a city but its historical portrait at a certain time, a portrait of its atmosphere, of its peoples, of their achievements and troubles." But a city cannot sit still for the historian as it could for Monet. One cannot capture "achievements and troubles" with oils and brushes. History is drama—likely as not, tragedy—enacted in time. The focus of a particular year, 1900, immediately becomes blurred as Lukacs, despite self-imposed limitations, plunges into the "history of a city" with a capsule history of Hungary and of Europe. He does a passable job; certainly nobody without his grasp of Hungarian is going to call him on fine points. One might, however, question whether such a thing exists as "Magyar pessimism," and whether anyone ought to brag that "the Hungarian mind is very observant and sensitive to every psychic nuance."

History, Lukacs says, should be told hierarchically. First come sense impressions, then people, politics (yes, despite his own disclaimer), intellectual and artistic enthusiasms, and finally "less tangible but nonetheless evident mental and spiritual inclinations." Sure enough, the chapters fall out this way, and as soon as we begin to drift toward nostalgia or cause and effect we are told that that's not the point of the book. History isn't science, but the retelling of events imprinted on the collective mind of a nation. It isn't nostalgia, but a detached means of remembering. That is Lukacs' argument in *Historical Consciousness*, where it made a great deal of sense. But in *Budapest 1900* this philosophy amounts to little more than an organizational framework that relegates many illuminating particulars to eye-wrench-

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ing footnotes. Speaking of the city's new buildings, the text says: "Their ornamentation is surely excessive, with strange, twisted ornaments on their roofs and parapets." Footnote: " 'What are these ornaments for?' someone asked Lechner. 'Who will see them?' 'The birds will see them,' Lechner answered."

There is a wild indulgence in literary diction, as in "The year 1900 was the noon hour of Budapest, even in winter. Summer was galloping in its skies and in its heart." In such passages our author is attempting to do the novelist's job. Here is Gyula Krúdy:

> He saw . . . those heart-rending days in spring when the new frocks bedeck the pavements like flowers in the meadows; and the lilting, snowy days in winter when the sun comes out at noon on Andrássy Avenue to encourage the poor office girls to step out with the gait of duchesses. . . .

Lukacs (using his own excellent translations) quotes generously from Krúdy, enlivening the narrative every time, though the result is not history. It is to historians that we turn for the concrete origins of "atmosphere." *Budapest 1900* shorts us explanations in favor of a dreamily inert historiography. Readers charmed by Lukacs—and there will be many—ought to consider the fate of those who refuse to analyze the past: they are condemned to relish it.

Paul T. Hornak has written for, among others, Reason *and* The New York Times. *He lives in Georgia.*

Babes in Gangland

by Bill Kauffman

Billy Bathgate
by E.L. Doctorow
New York: Random House;
323 pp., $19.95

◆

E.L. Doctorow is our loudest contemporary champion of the social novel, whose defining characteristic he posits as "the large examination of society within a story" of "imperial earth-shaking intention." (The genre's American apotheosis is Frank Norris's *The Octopus*.)

Billy Bathgate is Doctorow's latest, and if his publicist's yowling chorus of "masterpiece" is a bit much, the novel is nevertheless entertaining, mordant, and surprisingly—for those who have read Doctorow's dreary socialist harangues in *The Nation*—sage.

Fifteen-year-old Billy of Bathgate Avenue in the Bronx is standing outside a beer warehouse, juggling a battery of balls, fruits, and stones, when gangster Arthur Flegenheimer, AKA Dutch Schultz, espies him and pronounces the dexterous lad "a capable boy." This throwaway remark begets in Billy grand dreams, and he bids adieu to his urchin-pals, to their "dead witless eyes" and inevitable "slow death[s] of incredible subjugation." With great resourcefulness, Billy insinuates himself into Dutch Schultz's inner circle as the mobster's "proto-jay."

Schultz is a brutal psychopath, given to crushing the skulls of hapless marplots. He is a primitive, an anachronism almost, in the brave new world of the 1930's. Dutch's comptroller, Abbadabba Berman, explains to Billy that in the "upcoming generation," the criminal will, perforce, be of a sleeker, more refined shape. "Everything will be streamlined," he declares, echoing the regnant New Deal faith in a progress that is founded on science, efficiency, and centralization.

Try as he might, Dutch just can't adapt. To attain polish he takes up with a blue-blooded member of the Saratoga horsey set; she cuckolds him (with callow Billy, no less!). Awaiting trial in Syracuse, Jewish Dutch converts to Catholicism as an "insurance policy"; the Church, in his last desperate days of supplication, will let him down. Even Tammany boss James J. Hines, Dutch's ethical kin (he, too, adjudges Billy "capable"), refuses a bribe; the ward-healers are giving way to good-government prigs like Thomas E. Dewey. Dutch, *pace* Elvis Costello, is a man out of time.

And what of Billy? Doctorow has said elsewhere that "a child's life is morally complex . . . a child is a perception machine." Maybe. But our narrator Billy witnesses—even abets—the grisliest murders, including a concrete-shoe drowning, and by novel's end he is surveilling prosecutor Dewey prevenient to a daring assassination attempt. Throughout these sanguinary adventures, Billy is wholly remorseless, without compunction. We never learn how this bright lad became inured to the most sickening violence. Book chat has it that Doctorow views Billy as a ghetto Huck Finn: an odd analogue, given Huck's supremely moral choice in the matter of Jim's freedom.

"A perception machine" Billy indubitably is. He puts Schultz's appeal tersely and well: "People liked to be where things happened, or could happen. They liked power."

That is what *Billy Bathgate* is about; that is why young Billy is first attracted to Dutch. Doctorow understands the devilish lure of power—the marcelled, sluttish girls, the expensive booze, the evening wear and Black Packards and the feeling that one is at the center of something very big indeed—and he knows that the purpose of glamour is to conceal enormity, to gloss over carnage and conquer.

In the past, Doctorow has written feverishly of the transcendence of the collective. When *To Have and Have Not*'s Harry Morgan snarls, "A man alone ain't got no bloody ------ chance," this is epiphany; Hemingway, Doctorow exults, has glimpsed "a monumental insight."

But the gang offers Billy Bathgate poor sanctuary. He finds only menace in numbers. The slightest deviation from prescribed behavior—a loud noise, an inept crack—can get him killed. In Dutch's ambit, betrayals "issue perpetually from the seasons of life."

Safety can only be found in ever-larger conglomerations of thieves. Abbadabba Berman lectures: "The modern businessman looks to combination for strength and streamlining. He joins a trade association. Because he is part of something bigger he achieves strength. Practices are agreed upon, prices, territories, the markets are controlled."

The stifling regimentation of this new order—(coincidentally?) redolent of the New Deal—breeds respect for creeps like Schultz. As the discerning Billy admits: "How I admired the life of taking pains, of living in defiance of a government that did not like you and did not want you and wanted to destroy

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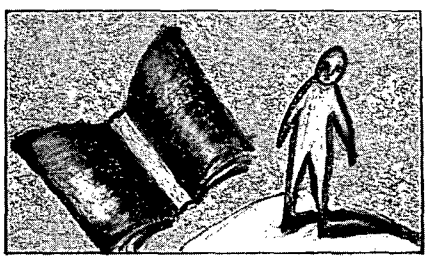
you so that you had to build out protections for yourself with money and men, deploying armament, buying alliances, patrolling borders, as in a state of secession, by your will and wit and warrior spirit living smack in the eye of the monster, the very eye."

Dutch comes to his meet end: Billy, the capable and flexible boy, survives and thrives. Abbadabba Berman taught him well. He regrets missing the gang's salad days—"I had caught on with the great Dutch Schultz in his decline of empire, he was losing control . . . a bloody maniac" (anyone for metaphor?)—but Billy is smart, and no doubt his subsequent life is smooth, streamlined, and profitable.

Doctorow has written a bleakly accurate assessment of the nature and price of power. But the incongruity of it all nettles: the author is a New Rochelle socialist, a grandee in the world of Long Island summer homes, backyard tennis courts, lavish grants and emoluments. Is he a hypocrite or just obtuse?

Doctorow's runaway best-seller was published coincident with the appearance of two extraordinary and sempi-



ternal novels: Wendell Berry's *Remembering* and Edward Allen's harrowing *Straight Through the Night*, neither of which received one-fiftieth the hype or lucre that our Abbadabba Bermanized economy showered on *Billy Bathgate*. The monopoly capitalism that he rightly deplores has been very good to E.L. Doctorow, the literary lord of Sag Harbor. Counting his millions, bedecked by Governor Cuomo with the laurel of "Official New York State Author," peering into the Mammonish abyss of blockbuster movie deals, he knows even better than Billy of Bathgate Avenue just how seductive power can be.

Bill Kauffman's novel Every Man a King *was reviewed in the August issue. He lives in Batavia, New York.*

How to 'Out G the G'

by H.W. Crocker III

About Face: The Odyssey of an American Warrior
by Colonel David H. Hackworth and Julie Sherman
New York: Simon & Schuster; 875 pp., $24.95

◆

Colonel David Hackworth's highest accolade is to call a man a "stud." He is certainly deserving of the moniker himself. An Army volunteer at the age of 15, the recipient of a battlefield commission at 20, four times wounded before he was 21, a hands-on battlefield expert on counterinsurgency, an expert leader of men whose ambition was never to be in the rear echelon, but always to be on the line, he was perhaps the most decorated man in uniform when he retired from the Army in 1971. He takes his fun where he finds it, has an affair with the wife of another officer when her husband is posted overseas, and keeps his own wife in line by reminding her that the Army always comes first: "When Patty knocked out two of her teeth in a bicycling mishap, she rang me at work; my response was 'What the hell do you expect me to do? For Christ's sake, go to the dentist. And don't ever call me at work again!'" What a guy!

Hackworth's portrait of himself is warts and all (though, confessedly, a warts and all portrait done by a combat-ready egotist). Freezing in a foxhole in Korea, he considers wounding himself so that he can be sent back to the United States, and at another point he exaggerates the pain he is feeling from a wound in the hope that he'll get sent to a hospital (and get a little R & R) in Japan. But this is the same Hackworth who as a brave and astute teenage sergeant was a regular blood and guts Patton:

> "Why didn't the tanks fire?" I asked my Regular Army platoon leader moments later.
>
> "I didn't want to give our positions away," he replied.
>
> I couldn't believe it. "Give away your positions, bulls--t!" I cried. Sergeants didn't talk to officers like that, but I didn't care. We'd had the closest thing to a glorious victory that I'd seen since the Chinks stuck their noses in the goddamn war, and now this p--s-weak lieutenant . . . "You were just too yellow to do your job," I shouted, and stormed back to my scout section in a rage. I grabbed my pack and rifle. "I'm leaving this outfit right now!" I told my platoon sergeant. "I'm not waiting for orders—I'm going AWOL. I came here to fight, not to play hide-and-seek, and where I come from, officers like you've got here would have been drummed right out of the officer corps."

It's not every soldier who goes AWOL to get more action.

About Face is mostly one long collection of Colonel Hackworth's war stories, building up to an escalating indictment of the collapse of the old Army and its replacement by bureaucrats, incompetents, and flabby, pasty-faced careerists who do their fighting in the halls of the Pentagon or who maniacally interfere with their officers who are on the ground, fighting the battle. There is, inevitably, a last chapter that seeks to turn his ideas into policy, and that chapter is, just as inevitably, disappointing. Hackworth is not a politician.

But what he is, is a soldier—or to give him the title he prefers, a warrior—and with a few lapses, he is a good one. His recollections of his experiences make his case much more profoundly than does his policy-formulating epilogue. Hackworth is a professional who took his job seriously. Never one for "higher learning"—he thinks the B.S. is, well, B.S.—he nevertheless is very well-read in his field. He knows military history, he has read the biographies and the memoirs of the great warriors, and he knows that in battle, field knowledge, tactics, training, discipline, and knowing your enemy are the qualities that save lives and defeat the enemy.

For Hackworth, wars are fought to be won. It was his misfortune to have to serve in three wars—the Korean War, the Cold War, and the Vietnam War—where victory was never the

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objective: containment was, or nation-building, or winning hearts and minds. And in the Army this meant that warriors were no longer required, except in limited roles. Officers were managers, and soldiers were only required to go through the motions of doing their jobs.

This wasn't Hackworth's way. The battlefield taught him some quick and bloody lessons, some of which were surprising—"Tuy Hoa proved to me once and for all that paratroopers were innately unfit for guerrilla warfare, even Phase II (battalion-and regiment-size) guerrilla warfare. So were Marines. . . . Both Airborne and Marines were determined, but they had no patience; they were long on guts and short on brains." Some were not so surprising—"But the main thing I learned at Tuy Hoa was that there was simply no point in taking any objective you had no intention of holding, no point in using men when firepower could do the job."

Not only did Hackworth absorb these lessons, but he learned how properly to apply them. He learned, in his own words, "how to out G the G"—how to defeat the guerrilla at his own game. And he did it repeatedly. When Hackworth took over the 4th Battalion, 39th Infantry, he inherited a unit in "total disintegration." There were rumors that Hackworth would be ragged. But he kicked ass, made the battalion secure its position (saving lives in the process), and not only turned the battalion around, but turned it into "Hardcore" Battalion and used it to out G the G, in one battle taking 113 enemy dead, with only four Hardcore casualties—all just slightly wounded. "We'd used *their* book of tricks to fight them on the ground and at the time that was to *our* advantage. The VC could not be destroyed by conventional tactics employed by the average US battalion in Vietnam. Only guerrilla tactics augmented by US firepower (and our tremendous air mobility when required) could defeat the enemy at a low cost in men and material." But though Hackworth used these tactics with stunning success, they were never adopted by other units.

In his last assignment—as a senior adviser to the 44th Special Tactical Zone, near the Cambodian border, in 1971—demoralization set in. Never noted for his tact, Hackworth became a bit more dangerously insubordinate. He set up a massage parlor *cum* brothel for the men (he claimed it cut down on cases of venereal disease), disobeyed orders, misled his commanding officers, and generally operated as "a law unto himself." All that could be forgiven. For all his criticisms of the Army's conduct of the war, for all the waves he made, he was now a full colonel, on track to become a two- or three-star general. But, frustrated and disgusted, Hackworth decided to go public, and given the opportunity to express his criticisms to the press, did so. It was the end of his career.

It is difficult to pass judgment on Hackworth and decide whether or not he did the right thing. It is hard to quibble with his own assessment:

> Judge Cooney was probably right when he suggested that I could have had a greater impact on military reform and preparedness had I stayed in the Army rather than standing outside and criticizing. On the other hand, fine warriors like Hank Emerson and Hal Moore, who did stay in and fought from the inside, were both turfed out as three-stars by the clerks at the top when they still had plenty more to offer—Emerson, for criticizing the priorities of the Army's procurement system, and Moore, for taking issue with having women in the combat arms and in certain Engineer and Artillery jobs with high combat vulnerability, as well as for opposing the Army's lowering of recruitment standards (IQ and education) to meet recruitment goals. Many other talented warriors lost the day in similar circumstances; no doubt had I stayed in, a similar fate would have been mine.

Though Hackworth was *not* both an officer *and* a gentleman, and though many—though not all—of his current political ideas are wrong or muddle-headed, it would be a mistake to minimize the loss to American arms represented by men like him being forced out of the Army. General Creighton Abrams told Nick Proffitt of *Newsweek*, shortly after it had printed its interview with Hackworth, that "Colonel Hackworth is the best battalion commander I ever saw in the United States Army. We cannot afford to lose men of his caliber. If it continues, the damage to the Army will be irreparable." I think General Abrams is right.

H.W. Crocker III is editor at Regnery Gateway Publishers in Washington, DC.

Objection Sustained

by Gregory J. Sullivan

Law and Literature: A Misunderstood Relation
by Richard Posner
Cambridge: Harvard University Press; 389 pp., $25.00

◆

The interdisciplinary field of law and literature is burgeoning, and various academics are making grandiose claims. "The field envisages," says Richard Posner, "a general confrontation or comparison, for purposes of mutual illumination, of two vast bodies of texts, and of the techniques for analyzing each body." The pretensions of this fledgling movement, however, indicate that it is in desperate need of a skeptic; it has found one in the erudite Judge Posner, who serves on the US Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit. In his *Law and Literature: A Misunderstood Relation*, Posner succeeds in delimiting the sphere of law and literature, castigating its more extravagant proponents for "paying insufficient heed to the profound differences between law and literature. In their hands literary theory, or particular works of literature, are contorted to make literature seem relevant to law, and law is contorted to make it seem continuous with literature."

Posner begins with an examination of what seems to be one of the more salient links between law and literature—namely, revenge. "Vengeance," he notes, "is either the earliest stage of law or an important part of the prehistory of law." In fact, Posner says that "most

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criminal law, and much of tort law besides, can be viewed as a civilized substitute for what would otherwise be the irrepressible impulse to avenge wrongful injuries." Moving nimbly through a critical analysis of revenge as "an extremely clumsy method of maintaining order," he concludes "that law channels rather than eliminates revenge — replaces it as system but not as feeling."

This "feeling" has played not only a central part in the development of law but has also staked a large claim in the Western literary tradition — a fact that is often curiously overlooked by "literary lawyers." Posner traces the prominence (varying, to be sure) of the revenge motif from the Greeks through the Elizabethans to the present, adducing the *Iliad*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, and Heinrich von Kleist's *Michael Kohlhaas*, among other works, as evidence of the enduring literary preoccupation with vengeful passion. Moreover, Posner's interpretations of these masterpieces are exceptional in their clarity and concision, and he pauses along the way to refute easily a great deal of the critical quackery — Nietzschean, Freudian, etc. — that has cluttered our understanding and appreciation of *Hamlet*.

Posner's approach to literature is avowedly New Critical; this method is the reason for the cogency of his own interpretations, based solidly on evidence found (or not found) in the works themselves. Posner marks off the critical territory well: "Intentionalism assigns primacy in the creation of the meaning of the work of literature to the author, reader-response criticism to the critic or other reader, New Criticism to the work itself." But he finds the New Critical method inappropriate when reading statutes and the Constitution: legal texts demand that one be attentive to the intentions of the "authors." Posner defends those divergent approaches to law and literature with astonishing rigor, and he is worth quoting at length on this crucial distinction:

> A poet tries to create a work of art, a thing of beauty and pleasure. He either succeeds or fails. If he succeeds, we do not care how banal his intentions were, and if he fails, we do not care how elevated they were. A legislature, however, is trying to give commands to its subordinates in our government system, the judges who apply legislation in specific cases. A command is designed to set up a direct channel between the issuer's mind and the recipient's; it is a communication, to be decoded in accordance with the sender's intentions. If a message is garbled is transmission, you ask the sender to repeat it; that is intentionalism in practice. If you cannot reach the sender, you try to glean from everything you know about him and the circumstances of the failed message what he might have meant; again the correct analysis is an intentionalist one.

Law and Literature is not entirely concerned with correcting excesses. Posner, for example, finds "the literary analysis of [judicial] opinion is — highly promising." Naturally, he turns to Holmes's dissent in *Lochner* and, after an astute exegesis, declares it "a rhetorical masterpiece" but logically flaccid. (Posner's analyses of other judicial styles are equally illuminating.) Furthermore, he avers that literature can offer judges guidance in "craft values" — that is to say, impartiality, scrupulousness, and concreteness. (One should note that Posner's own disciplined prose possesses all these virtues.) Such "aesthetic integrity," as he terms it, is especially needed today when "The avoidance of the concrete is ubiquitous in legal prose." Literature can also assist in clarifying nebulous legal categories like defamation and obscenity. Interestingly, he favors a curtailment of copyright law for the solidly anti-Romantic reason that "literary imagination is not a volcano of pure inspiration but a weaving of the author's experience of life into an existing literary tradition," and thus an author must be able to use the tradition with some latitude if it is to thrive.

What animates Posner's opposition to much of the law and literature movement is his obvious respect for the rule of law and the genius of our literary tradition. Yet one suspects that Posner's plea for recognizing law and literature as overlapping but essentially discrete disciplines will go largely unheeded. After all, to declare oneself a literary New Critic and a legal intentionalist is to consign oneself to the dustbin that contemporary academic fashion has marked "reactionary." Which is one reason *Law and Literature* deserves our closest attention.

Gregory J. Sullivan writes from Trenton, New Jersey.

REVISIONS

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T NUTHIN'

A growing number of people recognize that the school systems of the United States constitute a monopoly with all the characteristic arrogance and inefficiency we expect. But while Pacific Bell or the power companies have to provide a service whose effectiveness can be easily measured, schools deal in intangibles: intellectual and moral development. Everyone knows the schools are a mess, but most of the proposed solutions — merit pay for teachers, longer hours, curriculum reform, etc. — will do little more than legitimate the wasteful tyranny exercised by teachers' unions, central offices, and state school superintendents. Myron Lieberman is one of the few critics of the system with sufficient intelligence and candor to explode the myth of school reform. In his latest book, *Privatization and Public Choice* (New York: St. Martin's Press; 400 pp., $35), he calls for approaches that are both radical and eminently practical.

Lieberman proposes to begin the break-up by two sets of measures: privatization and increased public (which typically means parental) choice. Privatization includes such steps as contracting out services, selling government property and subsidies to non-governmental suppliers. Choice is not restricted to choice among government-owned options, but a real choice among all the possibilities, including religious schools and home schools.

Lieberman is not an optimist, and his purpose is not to provide a blueprint for success. What he does claim is that the variety of measures he outlines stand the best chance of making headway against the establishment. (TF)

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Letter From Washington

by Samuel Francis

Left, Right, Up, Down

◆

Since the time of the French Revolution, the labels "left" and "right" have served as universal symbols on the road atlas of modern politics. The exact meaning of the symbols has never been clear, especially when they are applied outside the narrow streets of practical politics and extended to the broader ranges of philosophy, religion, and even aesthetics. Nevertheless, like "A.M." and "P.M." or "A.D." and "B.C.," left and right have become indispensable to the mental and verbal organization of otherwise incomprehensible phenomena.

Because they originally pertained to the different sides of parliamentary assemblies in the wake of the French Revolution and served to distinguish those, on the left, who supported the revolution and its legacy from those, on the right, who opposed it, left and right might retain some clear meaning if employed in that sense. Insofar as the ideological legacy of the revolution is captured in its motto of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and insofar as contemporary politics still revolves around these terrible pleasantries, then we might continue to lump certain schools of politicians and political thinkers as "left" and others as "right."

But throughout the 1980's (and probably henceforward) such schools seem to be out for a long vacation. What is called the "right" in American politics today seems to invoke and take seriously all the slogans and clichés that derive from "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" and that would ordinarily locate their exponents on the left. Its champions talk of the "global democratic revolution," universal "human rights," "equality as a conservative principle," and the final emancipation of mankind from war, racial and national prejudice, tyranny, and poverty through universal economic and technological progress. No noble savage of Enlightenment lore nor his less noble descendants who pulled the ropes of the guillotine in the Year One would raise an eyebrow at the rhetoric and ideology of the contemporary American right.

Things aren't much different on what is called the "left." While once only rightish pessimists such as Spengler or Henry Adams talked about the decline, suicide, or dissolution of the West, today that theme is a staple on the rubber chicken circuit of liberal Democrats. Newly elected Democratic Majority Leader Richard Gephardt sounded the note when his colleagues elevated him to his new post in the House, and last year he ran his presidential campaign on the issue of "economic nationalism," which Michael Dukakis also picked up when his own campaign ran into trouble. Whatever the economic merits of their ideas, that issue presupposes the reality and significance of national identity and contradicts the universalism implicit in the "Fraternity" that *sans culotte* armies spread across Europe in the 1790's.

Moreover, *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen, whose writings usually seem to be archetypal expressions of what the collective unconscious of conservatives want liberals to say, recently penned a column that older conservatives ought to find unexceptionable. Mr. Cohen inveighed against the homogenization of America through shopping malls, fast-food emporia, motel chains, housing developments, and "restorations" such as those in Williamsburg and Old Town in Virginia. The ideological premise of such homogenization, of course, is again the cosmopolitanism and universalism that informed the French Revolution and that liberated souls such as Mr. Cohen have trumpeted throughout their careers. Whether he has as yet grasped the contradiction between his recent column and his lifelong convictions I do not know.

One gentleman of the left who has grasped it, however, is the radical historian Christopher Lasch, whose recent writings reveal a profound suspicion of the abstractions that lurk in "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." In a recent essay in the *New Oxford Review*, Mr. Lasch dwells on his intellectual autobiography, showing how his personal and intellectual development eventually led him to shatter the very idols of the left to which he had paid homage all his life. Noting that the left's own road map of America was divided between New York and Washington on the one hand and what it regarded as "the vast hinterland beyond the Appalachians—the land of the Yahoo, the John Birch Society, and the Ku Klux Klan" on the other, Mr. Lasch expressed his emerging disenchantment with the contours of that map.

> By the late 1970's and early 1980's I no longer had much confidence either in the accuracy of this bird's-eye view of America or in the progressive view of the future with which it was so closely associated. "Middle Americans" had good reason, it seemed to me, to worry about the family and the future their children were going to inherit. My study of the family suggested a broader conclusion: that the capacity for loyalty is stretched too thin when it tries to attach itself to the hypothetical solidarity of the whole human race. It needs to attach itself to specific people and places, not to an abstract ideal of universal human rights. We love particular men and women, not humanity in general. The dream of universal brotherhood, because it rests on the sentimental fiction that men and women are all the same, cannot survive the discovery that they differ.

Mr. Lasch's thoughts in this passage, one would think, would induce our keepers of the conservative flame to

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spread a feast of welcome for him. But don't unfold your napkin just yet.

Mr. Lasch neither calls nor thinks of himself as a conservative, and in that he is probably wise. Were he to do so, passages such as the one quoted above would be greeted with the most vituperative abuse from those who claim that title today. The self-appointed swamis of the right, from their yachts and Alpine retreats, would compare him to excrement, even as they perspired over the closing of the American mind and preached the virtues of pluralism. Cries of "anti-Semite," "xenophobe," "nativist," and even "agrarian" would pierce the walls of his study and silence his animadversions on the subjects of progress and universalism. His academic career would be threatened by unsolicited phone calls to his dean from spiteful colleagues. The tories who prance through the parlors of Manhattan and Georgetown would make sedulous inquiry as to his thoughts during the civil rights movement while awarding bountiful grants to decrepit social democrats and second-rate defectors from SDS. Were Mr. Lasch to spread his sails to the winds from the American right today, he would soon find himself marooned in an archipelago of small towns, intact families, and agrarian communities far from the political sealanes plied by the clipper ships of self-proclaimed "conservatives."

Alas, Mr. Lasch is not typical of the contemporary left, however, nor are the ruminations emitted by the estimable Cohen or the honorable Gephardt. Mr. Lasch is correct that the mainstream of left-liberalism in America today remains nearly comatose with dread of the mainstream of America itself. But the great fear on the left seems to be matched on the right by an almost equal aversion to the American heartland. The contemporary right by and large much prefers the pina coladas of the secularized, deracinated megalopolis of the Northeast and the California Fringe to the white lightning of the piney woods, the Rockies, and the Great Plains.

Today, the right talks and thinks like the left, and the left, sometimes, sounds like the right. That kind of confusion suggests that both labels have outlived their usefulness and ought to be put to sleep. They have become prisons that house so many different and conflicting forces that the interests, values, and aspirations incarcerated in them are unable to find coherent political expression.

The political conflict of the future is likely to be not on the horizontal plane between left and right but along a vertical axis: the Middle-American stratum, which is wedded to the integrity of a distinct national and cultural identity, is sandwiched between an unassimilated underclass and an alienated and increasingly cosmopolitan elite that has subsumed left and right and shares more common ground with snappily dressed Soviet commissars and Japanese corporate executives than with farmers in Kansas, small businessmen in Ohio, union members in Detroit, or fundamentalists in Alabama.

That conflict, of course, is not new, and the American right has waxed fat and happy by claiming to represent one side of it. But today its enchantment with global democracy, a global economy, and a global culture that will displace national particularity render that claim transparently fraudulent.

If the remaining nucleus of American civilization is to survive, it will have to find a new label by which to identify itself and new guardians to lead its struggle.

Samuel Francis is deputy editorial page editor of The Washington Times.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

Of Collard Greens and Kings

◆

My godson was graduated from a Chicago high school last May. To my delight, he wanted to go to a Southern college. Unfortunately he picked Duke, which means that his idea of the South will probably come to include things like the rice diet, deconstructionism, Mercedes Marxism, and holistic therapy with crystals ("voodoo rocks," my buddy Fetzer calls them). Everything's up-to-date at Buck Duke's place, alas.

Nevertheless, the lad is moving in the right geographical direction, and since he will be physically present in Durham for the next four years he may also discover things like Levi Garrett and Shirley Caesar's gospel music and the Durham Bulls (not entirely destroyed by the success of the movie about them). So for a graduation present I gave him a copy of the *Encyclopedia of Southern Culture*, produced by a team at the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi and just published by the University of North Carolina Press. "Here are a few things you ought to know," I told him.

About 1,300 things, as a matter of fact, that being the number of entries, written by nearly 800 authors, spread over 1,634 pages, and ranging alphabetically from Aaron (Hank) to Zydeco. The time has come, apparently, to talk of many things—of gays and grits and shotgun shacks, of collard greens and Kings (Martin Luther and Elvis I). At $50 ($60 after New Year's), this book doesn't cost a great deal more than a good country ham these days; weighing in at nine and a half pounds on my bathroom scale, it's cheaper by weight than rib-eye. Recently a review in *The New York Times* said that the new *Oxford English Dictionary* is a bargain at 11 cents a page: well, this sucker will cost you only three.

Of course, the book is so cheap (yes, yes—relatively speaking) because it has been heavily subsidized, especially by the National Endowment for the Humanities. In other words, it's your tax dollars at work again, and I know nobody asked you. But consider the alternatives. It beats a Congressional pay raise, doesn't it? As Confucius might have said: if extortion is inevitable, relax and enjoy it.

And there is a lot to enjoy here, by no means exclusively for Southerners. One of the pleasures of the book is browsing for odd juxtapositions. In the catchall "History and Manners" section, for instance, a charming sequence of entries goes:

Gardner, Dave
Gays
Goo Goo Clusters
Grits
Hammond, James Henry

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Southerners my age will remember Brother Dave Gardner as the off-the-wall white Southern .comedian who greeted the news of *Brown* v. *Board of Education* by saying: "Let 'em go to school, beloved. We went, and *we* didn't learn nothin'." Grand Ole Opry fans and candy lovers will know Goo Goo Clusters. Hammond was the politician, libertine, and proslavery theorist who announced that cotton was king and no one would dare make war on it—a slight miscalculation. Grits I presume you know about, and gays, too: Southerners tend to love one, but not the other.

This is mostly good reading, and good fun. There are the makings of a fine board game here. The encyclopedia has a problem, though, and it's one that, in its own little way, reflects a broader problem for the South, and the nation. The editors—I'm sure with the best of liberal intentions—have set aside separate sections on "Black Life" and "Women's Life." (There are, of course, no sections on "White Life" or "Men's Life.") The result is shabby treatment of some Southern blacks and women who deserve better (and maybe better treatment for others than they deserve). Whites who fought segregation, or defended it, for example, are treated under "Law" or "Politics" or "Violence"; most blacks who fought it are consigned to the ghetto of "Black Life."

Offensive this Jim Crow organization may be, but at least it isn't followed consistently. Jean Toomer is under "Black Life," but Ralph Ellison, thank goodness, is found under "Literature." Julia Peterkin is in "Women's Life," but Flannery O'Connor is in "Literature" with the *real* writers, where she belongs. The principle of organization eludes me. Could it be that the "Black Life" and "Women's Life" sections are just reservations for the second-rate? No, here is Loretta Lynn in "Women's Life": surely she belongs in "Music" every bit as much as Charlie Daniels. Does black trump female? No, writer *Margaret* Walker is in "Black Life," but *Maggie Lena* Walker, founder of the oldest black bank in the US, winds up in "Women's Life." (*Alice* Walker is inexplicably in "Literature.")

I give up. All I can suggest is that liberal piety now requires that books have sections explicitly devoted to blacks and women. For my part, I don't think it's worth a klutzy organizational scheme that makes it impossible to predict where a particular entry will be found. (To be sure, the book has an index, but flipping back and forth through 1,600 pages is no fun.) A straightforward A-to-Z listing would have been preferred.

Whatever my misgivings about its flagrant tokenism, though, I think the book is a major achievement. Having said that (and with the examples of Southerners like Jim Wright and Newt Gingrich before me), I should probably declare an interest. I wrote a couple of the entries, and I was supposed to line up contributors for the "Recreation" section. However, one of the editors, Charles Wilson (known to some of us as "the Diderot of Dixie"), wound up doing much of that work—and not just for me. Eventually, Wilson had to write 70 of the entries himself and he is now an authority on some of the *strangest* things. Tying up those loose ends took a while: Wilson jokes that the encyclopedia paints a comprehensive portrait of Southern culture as of 1985.

Anyway, since I didn't do much, and I got my little share of your tax dollars up front, I see no real conflict of interest in my plugging this book. Besides, if I don't do it, who will? Almost everyone who has written about Southern culture at all contributed to it. From *Chronicles'* masthead alone, Thomas Fleming and Clyde Wilson wrote on the classical tradition and on John Taylor of Caroline, respectively.

One of the most interesting things about this book is that it shows signs of becoming a cultural event in its own right. Its publication was widely noted, but the most affecting notice I ran across was when I heard co-editor Bill Ferris on a Charlotte radio call-in talk show. Ferris would talk awhile about some entry from the encyclopedia; then the phone lines would light up like a Christmas tree as listeners from all over the South called in to say "Yes! That's the way we used to do it!" or "I remember when my daddy. . . ."

I couldn't help noticing the elegiac tone of many of these testimonials, a sense of old ways slipping away. One of my friends suggests that the encyclopedia itself is the equivalent for the South of reviewing one's life in the course of drowning—drowning, he adds, in the mainstream. Another friend sees it as a product of what he calls the Post-Mortem South, a region that exists mostly in and on nostalgia. But both of these pessimists are professional historians, and so are most of the contributors to this encyclopedia; especially given that fact, I'm struck by how many of the regional icons and attributes it treats are of quite recent provenance.

If you'll forgive a homely simile, the South strikes me as like an old pair of blue jeans. It's shrunk a little bit, faded some; it has a few holes in it. There's always the possibility that it will split at the seams. But it's more comfortable than it used to be, and I think there's still a lot of wear in it. Consult this remarkable book and see if you don't agree.

John Shelton Reed writes from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he teaches at the University of North Carolina.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

"Zip to Zap"

◆

The *first* "Zip to Zap," or "Zap-In," made headlines around the world, in places as different as Pakistan and Russia, to say nothing of Washington and Miami. It was 1969, with civil rights—and anti-Vietnam marches, US forces in Southeast Asia at an all-time high, and, the year before, Bobby Kennedy's assassination and the Democratic Convention in Chicago.

But the "Zip to Zap" as conceived was about as political as beer. Many of the kids were simply tired from a week of sandbagging the floodwaters of the Red River of the North—surely not an anarchic pastime—and needed to blow off some steam.

The January before the first "Zap-In," the staff of the North Dakota State University newspaper, the *Spectrum*, had talked wistfully about going to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, over spring break. One of the staffers moaned that he

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"couldn't even afford to go to Zap" (a tiny burg of three hundred inhabitants hidden deep in North Dakota lignite coal country). Zap was an NDSU "in-joke" at the time, and kids being what they are, a crazy idea was planted. . . .

. . . and germinated. The NDSU and UND student newspapers ran teaser ads about the "Zap-In." The AP picked up the story; calls came in to NDSU from all over; and the first "Zip to Zap" was planned for May 10, 1969.

Zap's residents weren't sure whether the kids were really coming, or *why*, or what might happen if they did. Mayor Norman Fuchs was worried at first, but decided to be a good sport. He thought maybe two hundred kids would show up, and so he posed for pictures wearing a "Zap, N.D. or Bust" sweatshirt or playing with his "Zip-Zap," a new toy. An obviously accomplished poet, Fuchs wrote to several North Dakota colleges, promising such delicacies as "Zapburgers, *fleischkuechle*: [German deep-fat-fried hamburger-and-onion dumplings] with Cow Belle sauce, hot dogs with or without the bun . . . and good, clean, beer-bust, food-munching, tear-jerking, rib-tickling fun." In spite of (false) rumors that a band of Hell's Angels from California was coming to the "Zap-In," the town planned a barbecue and evening dances on Friday and Saturday nights, as well as a Frisbee tournament and a drink-off between the two universities. Jan's Cafe started freezing *fleischkuechle*. A group from Florida pulled into town on Thursday and put up signs in the two bars saying, "Florida was First." The town decided to make the best of what seemed an inevitable but harmless invasion of several hundred kids.

On May 10, 1969, two to three thousand college-age youths descended on Zap—which had no motel. It was unusually cold, even for early May on the tundra, and the tiny park where Mayor Fuchs had envisioned the revelers sleeping was less than satisfactory; the next fateful morning, sleeping bags, blankets, and jackets were covered with frost. Only outdoor toilets were available, far from the park.

The kids hung out in the town's two taverns—Lucky's and Paul's—standing on each other's shoulders and "shooting the moon." Lucky's had six booths and five stools. Paul's had six booths and ten stools. The 20,000 bottles of beer in town were obliterated early in the evening. The kids decided to help tear down a Main Street building in the process of being demolished—and used the lumber to start a bonfire in the unpaved street.

Jan's cafe seated 25. Before the 3,000 kids came, she had made happy plans to sell 200 kids 1,200 hot dogs, 2,000 Zapburgers, some chiliburgers, and 60 cases of pop. People who later unfairly came to be called "profiteers" arrived from all over, hoping to make some money on T-shirts, souvenirs, and food. Some of them had invented their products only the day before.

All the hopeful (if halfhearted) preparations of the Zap residents and "profiteers" were sadly inadequate for the raging horde of cold, drunk, hungry, disappointed kids, and some of them—a very few—got mean. Jan's Cafe was gutted. Lucky's bar was torn apart. Paul's bar suffered several broken windows, and its owner sat up with his loaded shotgun all night. The city auditorium was trashed. To fuel their bonfire after the dilapidated building was gone, the kids used furnishings from the places they'd ruined. And God only knows what they did with all the beer they drank.

It was too much for the peaceful denizens of Zap. At midnight a frustrated Mayor Fuchs, who hadn't hired any back-up law enforcement for his constable, asked the National Guard for help. The Guard had anticipated the move, drawing up plans for "Operation Zap" a week earlier, estimating 3,000 to 6,000 students. At 7 A.M. on Saturday (May 11), 500 National Guardsmen, armed with rifles (bayonets only; no bullets) and five-foot wooden clubs, moved into Zap and prodded the groggy, frost-covered, sleeping Zippers into their cars. The drunk kids drove to nearby Beulah and Hazen and eventually to Bismarck, 80 miles southeast. In various Bismarck parks they slept off their headaches. By Sunday afternoon, Bismarck park crews were bulldozing mountains of beer cans, and the kids were on the way back to school. The *Bismarck Tribune* announced erroneously that "martial law" had been declared in Zap.

The city was left with 750 pounds of beef and a lot of frozen *fleischkuechle*. It cost the state $23,000 to break up a fling that caused $3,000 in damages, nearly half of which the penitent university students raised after they got back to school. Area hospitals were busy with many slight and some serious wounds, including the student stabbed in the buttocks with a bayonet who became a separate news story when he told the attending physician to send the bill to the state and the state refused to pay. And the Jefferson Airplane featured "Paz, South Dakota" on their *Volunteers* album. Zap was on the map at last.

Ten years later, absolutely nothing happened. But in early April of *this* year, the 20th anniversary of the "Zip to Zap," rumblings of plans for "Zip to Zap II" were heard. Fraternities were rumored to have chartered buses. The NDSU *Spectrum* staff, most of whom were in diapers when "Zip to Zap I" took place, sold T-shirts and set a date of May 6. "Zip to Zap II" became an

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issue of honor; the kids wanted to undo damage that had been done before some of them were born. The *Spectrum* editor said the group planned to have "designated drivers," and reminded Zapites that "people aren't like they were 20 years ago."

Ex-mayor Norman Fuchs was skeptical. He wasn't worried about the few forty-year-olds who might return for a nostalgic weekend; he was thinking of the current crop of college and high-school students and what *they* might do. Still, Zap made on-again, off-again plans, the younger citizens all for trying to get something good out of the visit, the over-50 crowd in favor of barricading the road into town. Not until eight days before the event did the city fathers agree to allow outdoor beer gardens and cooking in the Community Center. "It kinda got thrown in our lap," said one member of the Community Club, which decided to host a dance. Local nonprofit organizations would provide food and porta-potties, and clean up the park. The athletic association would sell *fleischkuechle*, souvenirs, and last year's Zap Diamond Jubilee items, hoping to at least get a weight machine out of the deal.

Saturday, May 6, 1989, dawned with a record cold temperature of 18° (the old record was 22°); later in the day it would get up to 70°. By noon, the little town of three hundred was bustling — with residents, that is. Zap's downtown forms a "T," each section of which is a block long; all along the "vertical" block, ten-foot trailers had been wedged between buildings, and garage doors had been opened to sell food and souvenirs. Hand-lettered signs offered *fleischkuechle* (surprised?), Indian fry-bread (exactly what it sounds like), Indian tacos (taco ingredients in fry-bread), and even "sopapias." Talk about ethnic diversity! Husbands and wives made numerous trips on foot between their homes and their makeshift places of business carrying crock-pots full of hot nacho cheese dip and sloppy joe mix. Two different designs of T-shirts were on sale, as well as "I Zipped to Zap and Had a Blast" buttons, caps, and wraparound Velcro beer-coolers. The Zap Diamond Jubilee books were displayed in the Community Hall, the top book opened accusingly to the page chronicling the disaster twenty years earlier. Eighteen extra officers were on alert in case the Mercer County deputies needed help, and many of them ambled around downtown, eyeing the drive-through spectators. But there were no kids to be seen.

By late Saturday afternoon, things were only a little better. An estimated 300 to 1,000 visitors had accumulated (it was hard to tell: they kept moving around, and the drive-through gawkers were still heavy). A 60-acre field on the outskirts of town was set up for a "Battle of the Bands" that never materialized, so August Little Soldier, aged 75, and Carroll Smith, 83, performed traditional Indian dances. DJ's played records in the street and field that night. On Sunday morning the *Bismarck Tribune* proclaimed, "Sequel at Zap lacks 1969 Zip," and "Zap isn't as zany." A vendor of a truckload of pizza-by-the-slice said he was losing money.

Around midnight Saturday, however, Zap got what it had wished for and feared: another several thousand people. Cars were bumper-to-bumper between Zap and Beulah, nine miles east. And things worked like a charm. The town's two bars — the Little Dipper and the Lignite — wound up doing a great business. Older Zap residents danced in the street and in the field with Zippers. There were only about 70 arrests, and those people paid their fines and went back to the party. Zap Mayor Albert Sailer, aged 65, beside himself with glee, said, "I'm saved. I can still walk uptown." He had been one of the few older Zapites in favor of the reunion. Late Sunday afternoon, Zap children picked up litter, which Mayor Sailer said wasn't any worse than at the annual Lignite Jamboree. Not a T-shirt, button, hot dog or piece of you-know-what was left — although the pizza vendor says, philosophically, that he never *did* break even.

Zap's already busy planning "Zip to Zap III."

Jane Greer missed the first "Zip to Zap." She bought a button and a beer at the second one.

LIBERAL ARTS

ON KILLER SQUIRRELS

A burgeoning population of grey squirrels appears to be threatening the harmony of life in the South of England. So reports Charles Moore of *The Spectator*.

It seems that a relative of Mr. Moore's is particularly disturbed over this species' passion for saplings, and so she has helped organize a cull of the grey squirrel. Much to her surprise, a gentleman from the local town attacked her for her insensitivity to this poor creature's plight and tragic past. These animals had been brought to England from America "against their will," and they are utterly "confused" because of the tug and pull between the townfolks who love to feed them and the less-sentimental country-dwellers who would love nothing more than to kill them. As Moore writes: "Useless to argue that squirrels cause damage to living things or that they have driven out the much nicer red squirrels or that even if you love grey squirrels you can have too many of them: the man clearly regards them as human beings who happen to be covered with fur and have bushy tails." Moore predicts that soon "there will be campaigns against riding horses because it must be so horrible to have people on your back and pieces of metal in your mouth."

Then came the attack. Grey squirrels staged a raid on a local home for the elderly. Squirrels were reported to have entered through the windows, stealing food and biting residents. Apparently the "poor grey squirrel" perception of these ravenous creatures did not wash with the residents under attack. As Moore reports, one old countryman took a more "robust" view than his sentimental urban coevals. "Oi took up moi stick and went after 'em," he said proudly. (TP)

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THE ACADEMY

Jeanne Berg

Why Are Universities Different From All Other Centers of Learning?

by Jacob Neusner

The oldest university in the West, the University of Bologna, has celebrated its nine hundredth anniversary; but much that is studied there sustains an intellectual tradition of scholarship that is thousands of years old. Universities are not the first institutions in which a systematic and sustained labor of learning has been pursued. Nor would anyone today working in a research institute or industrial laboratory concede that universities are the best institutions for research. All they are is different, and when we understand the difference, we shall have a deeper perspective on what makes universities different from all other centers of learning.

Let me begin with the simple fact that many of the areas of learning now covered in universities far antedate the founding of universities themselves. The sources on which I work, the ancient writings of Judaism in the first seven centuries A.D., for example, though they were long studied by major intellects, were never studied in universities before our own time, and they are just now beginning to find a place here. True, the Talmuds and related writings form the counterpart (for Judaism) of the canon law and jurisprudence studied in European universities for nearly a thousand years. Without the considerable labor of mediation by bilingual persons, however, university professors would have no more understood these writings than the succession of scholarly Talmudists would have understood the civil and canon law addressed so brilliantly in universities. As a matter of fact, neither the famous Talmudists nor the celebrated canon lawyers would have understood the questions I bring to the sources that, in one idiom or another, they studied. They wanted to know one thing, I something else.

Nor is the Mishnah alone. There is, after all, philosophy. There is mathematics. There is music. The Classics of ancient Greece and Rome may make the same statements in Greek and in Latin as I have in reference to writings in Hebrew and in Aramaic. Most of what we study here will see this new, this young, this scarcely tried institution as a temporary home. Every professor of every subject may find roots to his or her subject of learning, however recent in its contemporary formulation, in the soil of remote antiquity. For mathematics dictated the arrangement of the stones at Stonehenge and the cave drawings in France and Spain, as much as the aboriginal wall-scratchings in Australia and the ruins of the old cities of Africa, not to mention the remarkable Mayan monuments of the Yucatan and Aztecs of Middle America and of the Incas of the Andes. They all bespeak reflection, judgment, proportion, taste, and composition: philosophy. And all these traditions of learning flourished, for most of the history of humanity, elsewhere than in universities.

When, therefore, we ask what is different about universities, to begin with our task is to remember not how old, but how new this kind of place of learning really is. Nearly everyone in every tradition of human knowledge pursued in universities stands for something that humanity has pursued in other institutions than this type of institution, under other circumstances than this one, and in the service of different auspices from the ones that sustain and support universities as we know them (church, state, industry, commerce, to name the more important auspices of learning today).

Learning transcends its academic auspices. Learning recognizes no limitations of an institutional sort. Learning is so natural to humanity as, in the end, to require nothing more than the intellect driven by curiosity and sustained by speculation. Accordingly, we have to ask ourselves what it is that marks as distinctive and as valuable the university as we have known it for the brief spell commencing nine hundred years ago, among the ancestors of this people. Why is the university of the West, inclusive of the Americas (and now Africa and Asia as well), different from all other forms in which learning has found a home; in which, in more academic language, learning has been institutionalized in permanent and socially sanctioned form?

As I said, it is not because it is old, for it is young. It is not because the program of learning, the curriculum, is stable, because it is subject to change that, relative to the hundred thousand year history of humanity, happens every 45 minutes. And it is not because the university is the best place in which to pursue curiosity and to sort things out, for that remains to be demonstrated. Consider that nearly all of the great intellectual achievements in the history of humanity — by definition — took place outside of universities and were the accomplishments of persons who were not professors, who were not paid to think great thoughts and write them down. If we point to the formative intellects of the world as we know

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it—Darwin, Freud, Marx, to name only three—we must wonder who needs universities at all. For, clearly, the great intellectual steps forward in the natural and social sciences were taken somewhere else, on the *Beagle*, or in the imagination of a despised Viennese Jew, or in the hall of the British Museum, open to a lowly foreign journalist.

What marks the university as different? It is that we assemble here to treat learning as shared, plural, open, diverse. What we institutionalize in universities is the possibility of shared discourse and public exchange of knowledge among different people who know different things and seek to find a language common to those different things.

What it means to study, in some one place, mathematics and botany, or sociology and religion, is that we judge it better to study these things in one place than in many places. And in the end that judgment addresses a deeper concern for explaining many things in a few ways. If chemistry did not speak to geology, or physics to mathematics, or economics to political science, then the premise of the university that learning many things helps us to understand them all in some cogent way proves flawed. But it is not flawed, for, as we know, economics without mathematics, and political science without history, and anthropology without psychology, are not possible. Learning flows across disciplinary lines, to the discomfort of the limited and the specialized, because humanity will not stay within bounds. In times past the analytical mind turned to measure the dimensions of God.

In universities we draw together many disciplines in quest for not information but understanding. And by understanding we mean the capacity of many things to find explanation in some one way. What this means for those of us who study the particularities of a single human group—the Jews through time, or the Classics, or the anthropology of this tribe or the sociology of that class or locus—is simple. We all learn a great deal about some thing. But only when we can intelligibly address others, who know a great deal about some other thing, are we able to join in that mode of discourse that makes the university unique.

When we see what we know as suggestive, as data that serve as an example of a condition to be explored in diverse examples, and when we offer what we know as useful examples for the testing of hypotheses of common interest and concern, then we form universities. For how we treat knowledge indicates where we are. The entry of any subject requires displaying a passport: this is what I, knowing what I know, can teach you about you, knowing what you know—and therefore I can learn from you as well.

The framers of the Talmudic canon compare to the builders of universities in that they put together all knowledge, as they identified worthwhile knowledge, and explained everything they knew in some one way. They produced not an encyclopedia of knowledge but a single coherent statement of what they knew, set forth in a cogent and proportioned way. It was their theory of the whole, all together and all at once. When we can do that, we shall also have founded a tradition of learning that will endure, where it serves, as theirs has endured.

Jacob Neusner is a professor at Brown.

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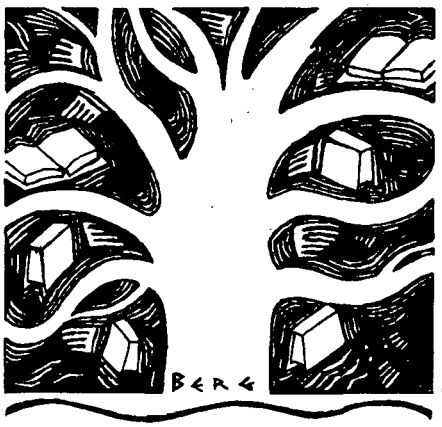

Jeanne Berg

The Economics and Politics of Book Reviewing

by Jack Miles

Some months ago, Katherine Dalton of *Chronicles* wrote an article in which, it seemed to me, she seriously exaggerated the leftist homogeneity of the literary establishment and further overestimated the hegemony of *The New York Times*.

I begin with the question of the hegemony of the *Times*, but my acknowledgment must be larger than any challenge I can offer. *The New York Times Book Review* is, quite simply, both the biggest and the best of the weekly newspaper book sections. Quantitatively, the *Times* publishes more reviews per week than any other American newspaper. On at least a few Sundays in the year its quota of reviews would equal that of the runners-up—the *Washington Post*, *Los Angeles Times*, and *Chicago Tribune*—combined.

Qualitatively, too, the *Times* knows what it is talking about better than the competition does. In so saying, I allude to the fact that no book is reviewed in the NYTBR that has not been read in its entirety by some member of the book review staff, a policy I recently confirmed with editor Rebecca Sinkler. Nina King, editor of the *Washington Post Book World*, says that the most any book reviewed in her supplement gets in the way of reading before the

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decision to review is made is a half hour. Many books get less. At the third-ranking *Los Angeles Times Book Review*, I hasten to add, most books get much less.

Both the quantity and the quality maintained at the *Times* cost money. Several years ago, the well-connected head of an old New York publishing house told me that it was "common knowledge" that the *Times* lost one million dollars per year on its book review. The numbers to confirm these stories are not mine to cite; but I can report, on the basis of my experience at the *Los Angeles Times*, that such a loss is plausible if not, by now, decidedly conservative. In the spring of 1988 newsprint costs jumped 20 percent, while newspapers' advertising base shrank. Advertising is down at *The New York Times* (this is a matter of public record), and the result is that the loyalty of the paper to its large book review is a more salient and admirable fact about that newspaper than ever.

And as for size, so also for editorial quality. It costs money, in other words, to pay the NYTBR's staff of eight "pre-readers," the number recently cited in *Publishers Weekly*. (I note in passing and just a bit anxiously, that as recently as 1985 the then-editor of the NYTBR told me that he had ten pre-readers on staff.) At other newspapers, if any pre-reading is done at all (and how else does one separate meritorious first novels from earnest failures?), those who do it have other, distracting duties. The result is that those other newspapers cannot know the books that their book supplements are talking about as well as the *Times* does. The NYTBR's greater knowledge of the books it is reviewing clearly has paid off.

Finally, there is the matter of distribution. Though it is possible to subscribe to the *Washington Post Book World* (no separate subscriptions to *Chicago Tribune Books* or *Los Angeles Times Book Review* are available), the *Post* falls far short of the *Times*' 100,000 separately distributed copies. The separate circulation of the NYTBR equals or exceeds that of most independent journals of opinion, and its influence on the nation is accordingly great. But the distribution system that assures this influence is no accident: it is an investment by the *Times* in its own status as a national newspaper.

Having said this much about and on behalf of the NYTBR, I must now insist that its influence can be overstated. One proof of the *Times*' limited influence is the fact that *Paco's Choice* by Chicagoan Larry Heinemann had won the 1987 National Book Award for fiction, though the *Times* had not reviewed it. Interestingly, the 1988 National Book Award for fiction has gone to another novel that the *Times* had not previously reviewed: *Paris Trout* by Pete Dexter.

And reverse examples also come to mind, by which I mean examples of books that, celebrated in the *Times*, have since faded. Loud has been the silence, in the 1988 postseason literary compositions, about Paul Kennedy's *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*. A front-page review in the NYTBR did wonders for that title — for a while. Briefly, Kennedy seemed to be everywhere. And *The New York Times* Sunday magazine kept his ball in play with a major "debate" article about his thesis. Gradually, however, the fact that the opening four-fifths of the book were a kind of college textbook began to weigh against it. It looks much duller now than it once did.

I would also maintain that New York counts for less than it once did because of the way in which nationwide bookstore chains — whose headquarters are outside New York and whose outlets are often outside the Northeast — have replaced the New York-dominated book clubs as launch vehicles for the most popular new books. The chains monitor local sales with great skill; and because of that skill, local best-sellers — books about the Bears or the Cubs in Chicago, for example — have a much better chance to become best-sellers than they did when the process was more New York-bound. True, the chains use the *Times*' best-seller list as a basis for their discounts, but they blithely ignore the *Times*' book editor when he (or more recently, she) puts on the cover something like the three-volume collected letters of Jack London (Stanford University Press).

The *Times* cannot make such a work sell at a truly commercial pace. Nor can its silence stop a chain-backed hot property from having a very good run. What the *Times* can do is, as noted, affect the process by which the country makes up its collective mind about a book. But even here, though it is by far the loudest voice on the jury, it is demonstrably not the only one; and I see no reason to believe that its influence is growing.

I turn now to the politics of book reviewing.

Literary politics is of two sorts: literary politics properly so called; and political politics on the book page.

Literary politics is the sort of thing referred to under the heading "The Ethics of Book Reviewing" in the *Los Angeles Times*' "Practical Guidelines for Reviewers." Thus: "If you receive for review a book by a friend or an enemy, please notify the Book Review immediately. The presumption should be that you will not review the book in question. Exceptions will occasionally be made, but please do not make a silent and private exception for yourself. There are books enough and reviewers enough that old allies and old antagonists need not review one another's work."

The alliances and antagonisms intended are, obviously (at least I hope it is obvious), of the personal sort. If it were not so, then anyone who had written a book like the one under review could be considered a rival and therefore an antagonist; in the end all novelists could be barred from reviewing current fiction. And yet, even as such extremes are rejected, it may be acknowledged that the fit between reviewer and reviewed can sometimes be too exact. As a New York publicity director once cracked, "If you've got a book about helicopters, *The New York Times* will get a helicopter to review it."

The disqualification rule becomes most problematical where literary politics become political politics on the book page, for here more than elsewhere it is crucial that the voices of advocacy and antagonism, as well as those of detachment and neutrality, should be heard. Take the fight out of politics, and you take the politics out of politics.

Let me offer some examples.

On March 18, 1989, the *Los Angeles Times Book Review* published a review of *Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts About the '60s* by radicals-turned-conservative Peter Collier and David Horowitz. Our reviewer

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was Chilton Williamson Jr., then book editor of *National Review* and now senior editor at *Chronicles*: conservative on conservative, in other words. On April 2, 1989, we published a reader's letter: "How could you assign Horowitz and Collier's book to a senior editor of the *National Review* for review? That is like asking Roy Cohn to review a defense of Joe McCarthy. There isn't a critical—in any sense of the word—sentence in the review. Williamson's review is a rehash of the editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal* and the lies of the Bush campaign. . . . I am disappointed in *The Times*."

Alongside the March 18 review of *Destructive Generation* we published a review of Paul Johnson's *Intellectuals*. Our reviewer was Russell Jacoby, author of the decidedly liberal *The Last Intellectuals*: liberal on conservative, this time. On April 2, 1989, we found ourselves publishing a letter that read: "I have just read with disgust your paper's review by Russell Jacoby of Paul Johnson's latest book. . . . Jacoby neither reviews the book's content, nor effectively refutes either Johnson's premise or his supporting data. Rather, your collegiate reviewer seems content to demonstrate an intellectual phenomena [sic] which probably encouraged the creation of 'Intellectuals' in the first place: Hysterical intolerance for any thought that is not ideologically collectivist in content, sympathy or tone."

To both letter writers our choice of reviewer seemed perverse because the outcome seemed predictable. Surely we knew in advance that Williamson was likely to approve of *Destructive Generation* and Jacoby to disapprove of *Intellectuals*. But I maintain that the fact that advocacy or antagonism may be foreseeable in a given case does not mean that the means of the advocacy or antagonism will be foreseeable. And getting there can be all the fun. It could have been predicted that Christopher Hitchens, writing for *The Nation*, would dislike Johnson's *Intellectuals*. It could not have been predicted that he would express his dislike by means of a wealth of scurrilous and hilarious *ad hominem* stories about Johnson. (I add, in Hitchens' defense, that this is the sort of attack that Johnson does to all the subjects of his book.) And it surely could not have been predicted that Joe Sobran, writing in *National Review*, would also dislike Johnson's book.

The real problem is that a political book cannot be reviewed three times in one publication: once by an ally, once by an antagonist, and once by a neutral. In the particular context of book reviewing under newspaper auspices, I do take the responsibilities of basic reporting with extra seriousness. And yet even here the book review as a genre contains within it elements of editorial and "op ed" writing as well as elements of art criticism. If authors are so often enraged by their reviews, it may be in part because these newspaper functions, normally dispersed, are in book reviewing so compressed.

In the end, even if it is the principal duty of the newspaper to report rather than to opine, fairness can only be approached by tacking and countertacking, cruel or capricious as this must seem in individual cases. It simply must be arranged, in other words, that on some occasions a liberal will comment on a liberal, a conservative on a liberal, a noncombatant on all partisans, and so forth. If readers are not sometimes exposed to the kind of argument that only a polemic or an apology can deliver, they will miss the whole flavor of the thing. A measure of detachment may be vital, but a surfeit of it is fatal. Variety, here, is not the spice, it is the very staff of life.

I have not yet addressed the implication in Ms. Dalton's piece that, in the mainstream press, most liberal books are reviewed by friendly liberals, while most conservative books are reviewed by unfriendly liberals. A full response to that charge would involve something like a book review head count, an impossibility in practice, and so I offer only a suggestive example or two.

A recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*—surely the parade example of a mainstream left/liberal publication—quoted at length Andrei Sakharov's grave reservations, then only just voiced, about the concentration of Soviet power in the hands of Mikhail Gorbachev. Another example: on March 30, 1989, *The New York Review of Books* offered a discussion of Sebastian Haffner's still-untranslated *Pact With the Devil: German-Russian Relations from the First to the Second World War*. Ideologically speaking, the Soviet Union lives and breathes by "The Great Fatherland War." But, who armed Germany after World War I? Who trained its officers? Haffner's book is potentially far more devastating to the Soviet self-image than even Robert Conquest's *The Great Terror*.

In these two cases *The New York Review of Books* offers either primary documentation or early intelligence on themes dear to the conservative heart. I know of no conservative publication with a comparable record either on its own conservative agenda or, much less, on the liberal agenda.

My own hope is that these two examples from the last two or three issues of a quintessentially liberal publication, joined to the politics of book reviewing at the *Los Angeles Times* as I have outlined it, may make Katherine Dalton and the readers of *Chronicles* think twice before speaking of the liberal literary establishment. Call us an establishment if you like. But, reversing the proverb, don't miss the individual trees in that liberal forest.

Jack Miles is book editor of the Los Angeles Times. *The article by Katherine Dalton to which he refers is "Books and Book Reviewing, or Why All Press Is Good Press," in the January 1989 issue of* Chronicles.

LIBERAL ARTS

UNHOLY FOOLS

I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to cloath his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. . . . To this (as calling myself a scholar,) I am obliged by the duty of my condition; I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly but a community in learning, I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.

—*Sir Thomas Browne*,
Religio Medici

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Jeanne Berg

The Importance of Being by Ernest

by Gregory McNamee

The Betrayal of Hemingway

◆

If Ernest Hemingway had any notion of what would happen to his first drafts, miscellanea, letters received and sent, and unfinished manuscripts after his death, it's likely he would have set fire to his study and all its contents before priming his shotgun and blowing his brains out on the second of July, 1961. For no sooner was he in his grave than did the supposed guardians of his legacy ransack Hemingway's literary remains, ostensibly in the lofty interests of American literary history, more transparently for the continuing royalties the remaining manuscripts would add to the trove earned by the sales of work published in Hemingway's lifetime.

From those looted papers soon came the grabbag reminiscence *A Moveable Feast*, a book assembled by Hemingway's widow, Mary. Using various drafts, she transposed passages and chapters and rewrote substantial portions of the text, claiming all the while that her husband had himself finished the book in 1960 before leaving Cuba. Although she edited the book well, Mary did not treat her husband's legacy with anything like restraint.

Six years later, in 1970, *Islands in the Stream* was issued, patched together out of drafts of a huge, unfinished cycle of stories Hemingway once had planned to call *Harry Morgan*. Instead, he abandoned the project. Knowing that the work was not up to his standards—and that the published books of his last years were plainly inferior to his early masterpieces—he presciently destroyed most of his rough versions. (That unfinished cycle had produced, over the years, the tedious novel *To Have and Have Not* and the fine novella *The Old Man and the Sea*; Hemingway made such use of his discarded drafts as he thought appropriate, sometimes successfully.) There followed Hemingway's *Selected Letters*, drawing on private correspondence (which he had always regarded as privileged), along with a string of biographies and memoirs written despite Hemingway's having asked that no such book be issued for a hundred years after his death, and despite his having steadfastly refused to supply material or submit to interviews for proposed critical and life studies.

Fifteen years of silence passed before the assault on Hemingway's legacy was renewed. Then, in 1985, Scribner's released *The Dangerous Summer*, a piece of occasional journalism that Hemingway did not intend to publish as a book, although it came packaged as if Papa had wanted it that way. In 1959, *Life* magazine, the original publisher of *The Old Man and the Sea*, sent Hemingway to Spain to cover a round of bullfights by two rival matadors, the twenty-seven-year-old Antonio Ordoñez, whose father Cayetano had been immortalized in *The Sun Also Rises*, and Antonio's brother-in-law Luis Miguel Dominguín. Hemingway quickly sided with Ordoñez, and during his stay he acted more as a rum-soaked publicity agent than as a journalist. Ignoring the fact that Dominguín was technically the better bullfighter of the two, Hemingway described him as a coward and hailed Ordoñez as the crowning glory of Spanish tauromachy. Hemingway went home to file his story, while Ordoñez soon became famous throughout Spain for his despicable tactics—hiding behind his cape, killing from the side, running away from the tiny *mediotoros* he chose to fight. He was eventually booed off the bullfighting circuit.

Life had asked Hemingway for ten thousand words, or about 40 typescript pages. Its editors received a rambling manuscript of one hundred and twenty thousand words, approaching the size of Hemingway's classic account of bullfighting, *Death in the Afternoon*. It was less a study of the Ordoñez-Dominguín rivalry than, as James Michener put it in his glancing introduction to the book, "a confused farewell from a great and legendary figure." Confused it is. The reader arrives at ringside almost accidentally, for the bullfights stand as anticlimaxes to Hemingway's real story: a foggy odyssey from barroom to barroom, where tired literary conversations and drunken anecdotes of the Spanish Civil War are the daily pastime; from sickbed to sickbed, where the matadors spend most of their hours recovering from carelessly earned wounds and where Hemingway spent most of his hours nursing hangovers and a rotting liver; from party to party, from town to town.

It was not one of Hemingway's shining moments. Indeed, *The Dangerous Summer* approaches Hemingway at his worst. Swimming in the old man's well-worn rhetorical tricks, the hard underpunctuated flourishes and tough-guyisms of 30 years' practice, the book reaches the point of unwitting self-parody:

> We inspected the animals, the poultry and stables and the gun room and I went into the cage of a wolf which had been recently trapped on the place and stayed with him which pleased Antonio. The wolf looked healthy and the odds were all against his having hydrophobia so I figured all he can do is bite you, so why not go in and see if you can work with him. The wolf was very nice and recognized someone who liked wolves.

In the remaining two years of his life, Hemingway came to see that he had misjudged both Dominguín and Ordoñez, and he increasingly regarded the *Life* essay—which the magazine's editors had meanwhile chopped to their original specifications—as an embarrassment for all concerned. Hence, unlike some of his other occasional journalism, he did not shape the

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piece for later publication as a book. That it took a quarter of a century to appear between hard covers is evidence enough that Hemingway and, for a time, his literary executors did not wish to see it included in his canon. But even Hemingway's assessment of his work would not matter, in the end, to the publishers.

A year after *The Dangerous Summer* appeared came an even worse blow to the writer's reputation, the sorrowfully bad novel *The Garden of Eden*, which Hemingway's biographer Carlos Baker rightly described as "an experimental compound of past and present, filled with astonishing ineptitudes." Hemingway had set to work on the book in 1946, completing one thousand pages of manuscript in only six months, and had tinkered with it until the year of his death, by which time the much-revised text had ballooned to fifteen hundred pages. Unable to overcome the ultimate mediocrity of his story with even his best techniques, and unable clearly to isolate its many problems, thanks to the quarts of alcohol he was then consuming daily and his growing self-doubt about his abilities as a writer, Hemingway abandoned the manuscript, well aware that it was unpublishable.

Still, 25 years after his suicide, Hemingway's publishers longed for another addition to the lucrative roster of Hemingway titles, and so Scribner's commissioned a highly accomplished fiction editor, Tom Jenks, to cut *The Garden of Eden* to publishable length. The company had a precedent for this, of course, in Maxwell Perkins's famous cut-and-paste editing of Thomas Wolfe's half-million-word effusions, but it underplayed Jenks's thankless surgery: in the publisher's note at the head of the book, Scribner's modestly averred that "in preparing the book for publication we have made some cuts in the manuscript." For all Jenks's superb editorial work, the story that emerged from the operating theater was still far from matching Hemingway's talent.

The great distinction of *The Garden of Eden* is its open exploration of bisexuality, a theme that Hemingway no doubt regarded as being suitably daring at a period when many critics were publicly calling him a has-been who no longer had the courage to take risks. (Hemingway had toyed with the theme of bisexuality and mate-swapping earlier in the prefiguring story "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," collected in *In Our Time*, as well as in portions of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. And several of the stories in *Winner Take Nothing* address or hint at male and female homosexuality, usually alongside some intimation of castration.) *The Garden of Eden* tells the story of David Bourne, a writer, whose bibulous French seaside honeymoon with his wife Catherine—a composite of Hemingway's first two wives, Hadley and Pauline, with a dollop of Zelda Fitzgerald thrown in for good measure—is punctuated by endless lunches, desultory conversations, ineptly rendered bouts of drunken lovemaking, and a languid affair conducted by both husband and wife with a mystery woman whose character is developed with all the care of a letter to *Penthouse* magazine. (Catherine: "I brought you a dark girl for a present. Don't you like your present?" David: "I like my present very much.")

Perhaps recognizing that what he had was not much of a story, Hemingway complicated the plot with curious elements of autobiography: when in doubt, he seems to have thought, resort to the *roman à clef*, full of sexual yearning and angst and adventure. David Bourne has just published his second novel, one that is earning him a string of letters from his publisher, each enclosing highly favorable reviews that serve only to depress him, since they remind him that he ought to be writing instead of dallying with wife and playmate—or, in Hemingway's case, skirt-chasing and guzzling. In later sections of *The Garden of Eden* Hemingway accordingly inserts what are supposed to be passages from David's novel-in-progress about an elephant hunt in East Africa. Hemingway probably discarded these passages from the final draft of his book *The Green Hills of Africa*, although his recent biographer Kenneth Lynn uneasily suggests that he plagiarized them from Beryl Markham's memoir *West With the Night*, which he admired.

Whatever their origin, they mark the best writing in the book, certainly as contrasted with the surrounding dialogue between David and Catherine, another typical snippet of which is this:

> "Can you publish it [the book of African stories] or would it be too bad to?"
>
> "I've only tried to write it."
>
> "Can I ever read it?"
>
> "If I ever get it right."
>
> "I'm so proud of it already and we won't have any copies for sale and none for reviewers and then there'll never be clippings and you'll never be self-conscious and we'll always have it just for us."

Now Hemingway was guilty, here and there, of publishing second-rate material, but in better times he would not have let such dialogue pass by unchanged. Even *To Have and Have Not* and *Islands in the Stream* rarely descend to such banality. Nor would Hemingway have been contented, one hopes, with the listless melodrama that emerged from his mass of manuscript to become *Garden of Eden*: boy meets girl, boy and girl meet girl, boy and girl lose girl, boy loses girl, boy meets girl again. It is not much of a story, but Hemingway, who did not bring it before the public, is not to blame.

As if to add insult to injury, Scribner's in 1987 issued *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Finca Vigía Edition*, with a perfunctory foreword by the writer's sons, John, Patrick, and Gregory, and a publisher's preface suggesting that the new book, a purportedly minor editorial undertaking, stood with the best of Papa's work. Meant to supplant the earlier *Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, available for a third of the price of its proferred replacement, the Finca Vigía edition (named after Hemingway's Cuban home) gathers 21 pieces not included in the earlier omnibus. But of these, only a handful are polished stories that Hemingway published on his own account, among them "Get a Seeing Eye Dog," "A Man of the World," and "Summer People." The rest are fragments of the dreadful, ubiquitous *Islands in the Stream*, or short stories later incorporated into novels—two Harry Morgan stories are given here, both of them chapters from the readily available *To Have and Have Not*—or pieces written privately, such as "The Good Lion" and "The Faithful Bull," fables dashed off in a few minutes as

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gifts for a neighbor's child.

We know that Hemingway once considered preparing a new edition of his stories, but he never took the chore beyond a casual suggestion to his editor at Scribner's, Maxwell Perkins. With all its trivia, this is not the collection that Hemingway would himself have prepared. Why he did not is something of a mystery, unless one admits the transparent possibility that in the end he decided to stand by his earlier collection, that he had preserved all of his work that he wanted to.

Serious students of Hemingway, of course, have need to consider fragmentary materials and drafts, but what of the general reader wanting only a good story by an admired writer? The Finca Vigía edition does not improve the earlier edition of Hemingway's short stories, which sold by the thousands of copies each year. Scribner's would have done better to issue a small, inexpensive volume of uncollected stories than to aver, as it did in published advertisements for the book, that here now stood the definitive Hemingway. Definitive, that is, until some other fortunate neighbor turns up with a new set of Christmas fables, or some drawer in Key West yields up a discarded fragment from *The Garden of Eden*, or some enterprising subeditor determines that Hemingway's endorsements for Ballantine Ale and Parker fountain pens constitute a hitherto neglected aspect of his literary canon.

Commercial publishers can exist, of course, only to the extent that they profit from their work, and there is no end of recent cases in which greed has triumphed over literary integrity. Consider, for example, the "definitive" text of James Joyce's *Ulysses* that appeared in 1986 and was meant to lay to rest all earlier versions of the book — especially the student edition used in every university in the English-speaking world. By correcting a handful of textual errors (and introducing countless new ones in the bargain), Joyce's publisher was able to renew copyright for the book, which was due to expire, and thereby could keep the profitable book to itself. The new edition carries, of course, a substantially higher price than the earlier, superior version.

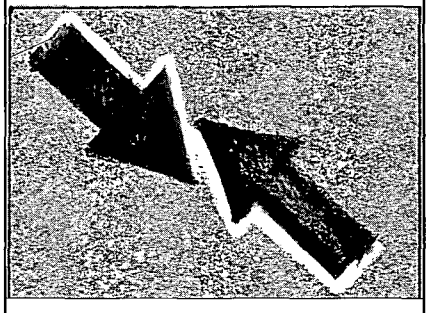
In the case of Ernest Hemingway and Scribner's, however, something altogether more unpleasant, if equally cynical, is in play. From his middle years on, Hemingway suffered grave doubts about the quality of his work, which declined as he fell victim to his own myth of the blustering, hard-drinking, fearless sportsman and fighter. As a consequence, he labored endlessly over the details of his craft, and he rewrote portions of *The Old Man and the Sea*, for example, 30 and 40 times in order to achieve what he considered to be rhythmic and narrative perfection. He had to work harder at being good as the years passed, but he often succeeded, and his failings seldom deluded him. Had Hemingway, ever mindful of his well-earned reputation as a great writer and hard at work even under the burden of self-imposed handicaps, truly been confident of *Islands in the Stream*, *The Dangerous Summer*, and *The Garden of Eden*, he would have readied the manuscripts for publication himself, or left explicit instructions for their handling after his death.

But he was not, and he did not. Instead, he regarded the manuscripts as lost causes, and, adrift in the sorrow that such knowledge and the advancing years visited upon him, he shot himself to death among the green hills of Idaho. And in the end he and that difficult knowledge were betrayed by his publishers, who ignored the clearly stated wishes of one of their most prized writers and contrived to take advantage of his good name, whatever the consequences the unknowing dead might suffer.

In the act, Scribner's — now for all purposes defunct, swallowed up by a conglomerate takeover — did itself, Hemingway, and American literature a grave disservice, for the day will soon come when the distinction between Hemingway's willingly published work and the inferior, graverobbed texts is blurred. On that day, in the balance, Ernest Hemingway will come to be regarded as just another writer, with more failures than triumphs to his credit, unable to discern the good work in the bad. No writer should have to suffer such a fate, to have his or her body of work diluted by the addition of material never intended for publication. But — and this is the great lesson the Hemingway affair teaches us, since we know all about greed and broken oaths and disloyalty — now defenseless against literary necrophilia, all writers of whatever stature should think hard, matchbooks in hand, about the disposition of their unpublished manuscripts when the end draws near. The publication of Hemingway's raw, unfinished, and even ghostwritten work only diminishes his hard-won reputation. It is a shameful betrayal.

Gregory McNamee is the author of a forthcoming book of essays, The Return of Richard Nixon. *He lives in Tucson, where he is editor in chief of the University of Arizona Press.*

LIBERAL ARTS



WHY WORRY ABOUT GARBAGE DISPOSAL WHEN LOCAL GOVERNMENT CAN BE SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING?

Exasperated by France's nuclear testing program at Mururoa Atoll in the South Pacific, the Mayor of Jarle, a small Swedish town 200 kilometers west of Stockholm, has declared war on the French.

Mayor Elof Elinder claims to have drawn his authority to declare war from a statute instituted by Queen Christina of Sweden in 1642. Originally intended to apply against sailing ships, that law permits towns unilaterally to declare war against any country.

While conceding that Jarle isn't likely to send troops up the Seine River, Mayor Elinder has opened fire on the economic front. He is urging Swedes to boycott all French products, particularly wine and food. The boycott, he added, should remain in force until the French stop their nuclear testing in the South Pacific.

—from the Spring 1989 issue of The Bulletin of Municipal Foreign Policy

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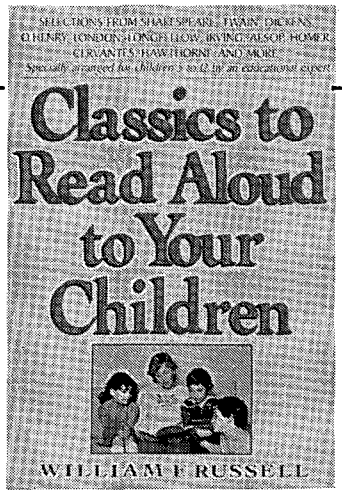

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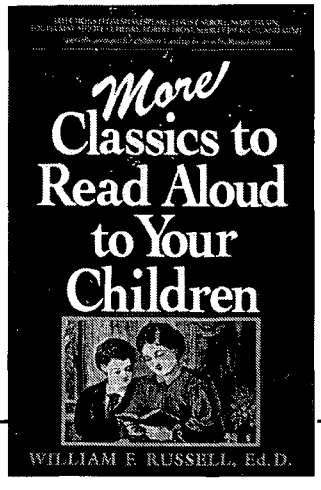

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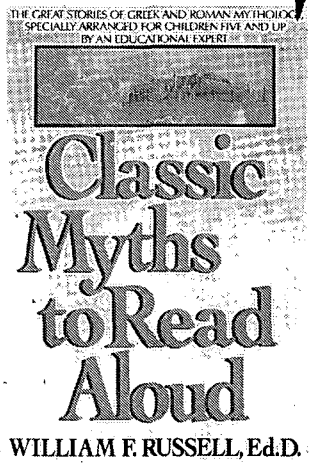

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